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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor — HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

WILLIAM MacDONALD, ALBERT JAY NOCK, Associate Editors — FREDA KIRCHWEY, MABEL H. B. MUSSEY

DAVID T. POTTINGER, Business Manager

MIRIAM R. WALTER, Circulation Manager

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IF the Jingo press is to have its way, we are now clearly in sight of war with Mexico. Thus *The New York Evening Sun* cheerfully announces that "it is known to be the disposition of the Administration to stave off actual hostilities with Mexico to the last." Its headlines assert that "the country demands action in Mexico," than which nothing could be further from the truth. Having fought and won the war to end war, the country is sick of war, if not, alas, of humbug. *The Los Angeles Times* runs an anti-Mexican spread headline on its first page about every day, such as "Iron Hand of America May Soon Be on Mexico," and "America May Rule Mexico." *The New York Call* reports that the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of El Paso has passed long resolutions demanding "definite, corrective action" by the Government. Our army in Coblenz, it is announced, has been preparing a new plan for the invasion of Mexico which shall be strictly up-to-date, using all the newest weapons of war. The Correll case, shocking as it is, is being used for all it is worth. In short, history is repeating itself; a Mexican war is being worked up precisely as was the Spanish War, and the final argument is that it will be cheaper to do it now, and more humane, because we have an army of veterans all ready for the job. Meanwhile, we call the attention of our readers to the confession of the Association of Oil Producers, printed in another column, that they are regularly giving financial support to one of the anti-Carranza bandits.

SPEAKING of Mexico, is there anything in the situation in the District of Columbia which warrants the United States in assuming a superior attitude as to lawlessness in Mexico? On the third day of the race-rioting under the shadow of the Capitol, six people were killed and more than three hundred injured. The aggressors were soldiers and sailors taking the law into their own hands out of revenge because of reported attacks of colored men upon white women. As was the case in the recent rioting in New York City, both the military and naval authorities distinguished themselves by their inefficiency and slowness to move. As for the police, if they did not actually connive at the wrongdoing, they showed themselves quite unable to cope with the disorder. How can the country hope to make headway against the lynching evil when rioting of this kind is permitted at the seat of the Government? There is no doubt whatever that it could have been suppressed the first night had there been the slightest official exhibition of vigor and force. One of the natural but alarming features of this riot was the shooting-back of the Negroes. This bears out what *The Nation* said editorially a few weeks ago that the patience of the colored people is reaching the breaking point and that the doctrine of meeting force with force—Mr. Wilson's "force without stint," as applied to the Germans—is making headway among the colored, partly because of their bitter disappointment that their services in the war have ameliorated their conditions of life not at all, and partly because of the mistaken teachings of some leaders. This increased race bitterness in America is one of the terrible heritages of the accursed war.

THE gentle art of making Bolshevists continues to develop. Thus, in Paterson, New Jersey, the other day, a group of members of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, under the presidency of a clergyman, were in session discussing their own affairs, when the meeting was entered by the police and two officials arrested, the police admitting that they had no warrant whatever, the chief of police himself being quoted by a reliable witness as saying: "That's the way we do things in Paterson. We don't need *no* warrant. We think you fellows are undesirable citizens and, boy, we can close up your place and take your things away from you to examine any time we want." They had been to the offices and carried off all the papers, private check books, etc. Unable at first to make any complaint against the arrested men, the police finally decided to charge them with "advocating a soviet form of Government in the United States," although the subject of Russia had never been mentioned at the meeting. That did not prevent three men from spending a day and a night in jail before being bailed out. There is in Washington a most worthy National Association for Constitutional Government, devoted to the

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maintenance of the Constitution, to save which it prints long articles by Nicholas Murray Butler and James M. Beck and inveighs against the spread of Bolshevism. To our minds there is nothing that it could do which would help to defend the Constitution more than to see to it that the chief of police at Paterson and a few other men in uniform of this stripe be made to realize that there is such a thing as a Constitution and that they can be punished for violating it. Then there are men lying in shocking Western jails, *untried*, since the fall of 1917, although the Constitution guarantees speedy trial. The other day two men who had been imprisoned seventeen months without a day in court came to *The Nation's* office. No charge was ever formally made against them. Does not the slumbering Washington Association see that this brings the Constitution into utter contempt and makes for revolution?

FORTUNATELY, the tide of reaction is not all sweeping one way. There have been two very significant utterances within the last few days. Thus Bishop Charles D. Williams, of Michigan, has come out with the most earnest appeal to the Episcopal Church to stand behind the democratization of labor, which, he says, is coming as surely as tomorrow. "The next step is a co-partnership consisting of employer, employee, and the public." His most important utterance is, however, the following:

> If Bolshevism comes to the United States—and I don't believe it will—it will not be through the I. W. W. or any other organizations of that class, but because of the repressions of the reactionaries, who are not wise enough to recognize present tendencies and adapt themselves to them. The reactionaries are the most dangerous element with which we have to contend now. We trust that someone will send marked copies of this to Chairman Lusk, Senator King, Senator Overman, Knute Nelson, and all the rest of that crew who are today the greatest menace to the safety and happiness of America, infinitely more so than any I. W. W. of whom we know. And then we have the utterance of a sound judge of the Middle West, Chief Justice J. B. Winslow, of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, before the Wisconsin and Minnesota Bar Association, which runs thus:
>
> > Bourbonism may be permitted to dig its own grave, but Bolshevism cannot be so treated. It must be met with calmness, fairness, and reason; the people to whom the classes' appeal is made must be brought to see that it is the wrong appeal. This can only be done by demonstrating to them that democracy can and will treat them fairly. . . . It is to be remembered that, after all, Bolshevism, fantastic as it may seem in some respects, is but an incident in the age-long fight of the common people against privilege.

THE Austrian treaty is even more brutal and destructive in its final terms than the German. In direct violation of every pledge of Mr. Wilson's, it strips Austria of practically everything. The abolition of her war fleet and the reduction of her army to a police force of 30,000 men are good things, very much to be commended, but the financial burdens are impossible and, moreover, they are indefinite. We again are establishing the principle that the enemy must agree to accept peace terms which are not fixed in the peace treaty and may not be for a couple of years thereafter. For a nation that is starving, that has been torn to pieces, that is on the verge of Bolshevism, this treaty can have only one effect—the destruction of all hope on the part of those who are striving to hold together what remains of German-Austria that they will ever be able to get on their feet. Now, as we have repeatedly pointed out, and as was fully recognized by the American delegation at Paris, the piling up of excessive and impossible terms like these upon the Central Powers makes against the safety of Europe. *The Nation* condemns this treaty as it did the German, not, for the moment, out of any consideration for the Austrians, but because it is revengeful and destructive. Adding as it does to the unrest and unhappiness in Central Europe, it menaces the very safety of our own Allies.

WHILE many writers are expressing the loose and pious hope that by some magic or other the vast masses of national debt will dissolve, there now comes Sir George Paish declaring that they will do nothing of the kind. In a long interview cabled to *The New York Tribune* on July 21, he "regards the general international financial outlook with great pessimism," and considers a collapse of world-credits as "not only possible but imminent." The depreciation in Continental exchanges is due to the fact that "France and Italy had been induced to base their entire calculations and hopes upon the payment of a large sum by the enemy countries," which hope has turned out to be illusory. They now owe immense sums to England and the United States, and must purchase food and supplies on further credit for a long time to come. Sir George frankly says he sees no way out of this difficulty except by repudiation, or, as he more delicately terms it, by "capital levies, both national and international." He proposes that the United States and England each cancel about "a thousand million" of money owed them (it is not clear whether he is speaking in sterling or in dollars), and pool an international credit in the League of Nations. This suggestion, he says, is based on the principle that "it is better to forego making the rest good than to force bankruptcy." He also proposes a domestic repudiation to liquidate the British national debt. Just why the United States should play the part he indicates is not obvious. His suggestion, however, gives support to the theory many hold that the present League of Nations plan is part of a scheme for getting the United States to underwrite all these foreign international obligations.

GENERAL SMUTS'S farewell message is characteristic of this fine statesman, one of the two or three men who have made reputations for themselves at the Peace Conference; that a man who sixteen years ago was a rebel in arms against the British Government should actually be talked of in London as a possible Prime Minister of Great Britain is in itself one of the most extraordinary happenings in history. In this final word General Smuts advocates appeasement and reconciliation with Germany and encouragement of "the present Republican administration in Germany, which is successfully fighting the European battle against anarchy." "Do not let us," he says, "deal with Ebert as we have dealt with Kerensky and Karolyi, with results beyond recall today." As for Russia, he truly remarks that English military forces, tanks, and war material "may temporarily bolster up one side, but the real magnitude of the problem is quite beyond such expedients." He demands that the Allies leave Russia alone, remove the blockade, and adopt a policy of friendly neutrality and impartiality to all factions. Then he adds: "It may well be that the only ultimate hope for Russia is a sober, purified soviet system,

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and that may be far better than barbarism, to which our present policy seems inevitably tending." Finally, this statesman—how we wish he might take the place either of Woodrow Wilson or Lloyd George in the moral leadership of the world!—makes an appeal for an abiding faith in higher ideals, "despite the disillusions produced by the peace treaty." Frankly, while we have no grudge against South Africa, her gain of Gen. Smuts is a grave loss both to America and Europe just now.

THE most interesting thing about Kolchak, aside from the unpublished dispatches of the State Department, is the fact that the more the Big Four thinks of supporting and endorsing him, the more steadily and rapidly is he defeated by the Bolsheviki. He has now been driven back to the Ural Mountains by the loss of Ekaterinburg. That was perhaps inevitable after the fall of Perm, but this dose is not sweetened for those who make private wars upon Russia, without the consent of the various Congresses and Parliaments, by the fact that the Bolsheviki have also inflicted severe defeats upon the Finns, while Gen. Denikin, too, is now retreating post-haste. Therefore, we hear less for the moment of the plan to attack and capture Petrograd with the aid of the British fleet. Two weeks ago we were told that a final decision upon this proposal would be forthcoming within eight days. It has not yet appeared in the press, just as there is the same hanging fire about the attack on poor Hungary, where matters are going from bad to worse precisely as was to have been expected, the Allies being responsible for the fall of Bela Kun and the substitution of a triumvirate with most despotic tendencies. To come back to Kolchak, the latest bit of evidence for his American defenders to explain away is the fact that it has now become known that Kolchak stood up against the wall and shot two of the most prominent leaders of the Russian coöperative movement, W. Maisky and N. V. Fomin, both delegates to the Assembly dissolved by the Bolsheviki, and neither of them a Bolshevik. Kolchak expressed his regret that these two men and seven others were shot down in cold blood without the slightest reason. Unfortunately, as the men were then dead, the apology does not seem to have been of service to them.

THE world war having issued from the phase of violence and entered the phase of trade rivalry, it is not unnatural that the boastings should rise discordant from the shambles. Sir Douglas Haig swelled his hearers at Newcastle with these words, "Don't forget it was the British Empire that won the war." Two days later President Wilson gave New York his assurance that "America won the war." Which reminds us of the story that has been going the rounds of Paris, of Clemenceau, in a white heat shaking both fists with Gallic gesticulation and quoting with fury a remark of Lloyd George's which he had overheard: *"J'ai gagné le guerre."* It was bad enough, he said, that Lloyd George should claim to have won the war, which the French had won, but that he should have changed the gender of war from the feminine *"la guerre"* to the masculine was a little bit more than any Frenchman could stand. The American Shipping Board, too, claims that it won the war, though we notice with satisfaction that it does not attribute its success to its non-floatable wooden vessels. Shall we not best judge between all these claimants by applying the maxim, "To the victor belong the spoils"?

WHICH nation can exhibit the most spoils? Great Britain has not only, according to our Irish friends, recovered her lost American colonies, whose President she has recently hailed as a "great Englishman," and whose generals, headed by Sir John J. Pershing, she has received into an order of knighthood, but she has also acquired vast spoils in Africa. She has dined off the President's Fourteen Scraps of Paper, having gobbled up several little would-be self-determinates; has, with Mr. Wilson's aid, handed a slice of China to Japan, imposed economic slavery upon her North Sea rivals, and returned the freedom of the seas to the limbo of dreary writers on international law. She has acquired Arabia and Persia, has had the American democracy seal the doom of Egyptian self-determination, and has made an economic mendicant of Italy by giving her coal only when she sits up and begs. She has secured about all the objects of her secret treaties, enlisted American credit in the work of redeeming with the sword her Czarist Russian bonds, has disarmed Germany while increasing her own armaments, and has, some good critics frankly say, imposed upon the world that hegemony for which Germany had lusted. She may even have obtained a League of Nations to maintain her in her newly-expanded colonial empire secure from secession or rebellion. But have we Americans not got some spoils, some moral booty from the war? One of our official purposes in going to war was to ensure the freedom of the seas. This laudable object does not get even honorable mention in the treaty or in the League. Our new treaty here follows the fashion set by the Treaty of Paris in 1812, in never mentioning the matters which had precipitated the war. President Wilson did not even salve the Americans with a felicitous phrase. General Haig is right. It is a grand thing to be an Englishman these days and read the imperialistic balance-sheet!

PROCEEDING from the general to the specific, we observe with interest an analysis of the Indian budget for 1919-20, made by the Indian propaganda service here. The allotments are as follows:

Fighting	$206,000,000
Railways	121,000,000
Irrigation	2,000,000
Agriculture	484,500
Education	838,338
Industries	nil
Science, etc.	1,556,500

Thus India must spend nearly 40 per cent. of her current revenue on the army alone, as India has no navy. The analysis points out that this is about four times as much as Japan spent last year for the same purpose; and it is considerably more than the total amount spent by Japan on both her army and navy ($132,288,000). The Indian army, we are reminded, may not be composed of more than two Indians to one Englishman. The officers are or were all Englishmen, and Indians are not permitted in the artillery. Thousands of English troops are trained in India, and India is obliged even to pay for their passage. All military stores must be purchased in England. Furthermore, since the Indian railways are built and maintained in part for strategic purposes, a proportion of the allotment for railways must also be regarded as military expenditure. Poor India! Her budget seems to show plainly enough the relative estimate put upon militarism and imperialism by the British Government.

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An Appeal to Japan

IT was Bolingbroke who said that "victories which bring honor to arms may bring shame to the councils of a nation." Why was it that when the Japanese conquered Kiaochow with such honor to their arms and, amid the plaudits of the world, ended the German power in China—so wickedly and wantonly established—they did not content themselves with the victory? It was solemnly stated by Japan herself in her 1915 treaty with China that her conquests would be returned at the end of the war. Yet the Peace Conference yielded to her demand and granted her what her enemies have said that she was after, Kiaochow, with—however it may be excused and palliated—a dominating control of Shantung.

The result is a greater stirring of moral indignation the world over than is manifest in regard to any other clause of the whole ethically indefensible treaty. It is of no avail to deride this by ridiculing Mr. Lodge and others for their denunciation of the despoiling of China when they have been silent hitherto during all the rest of the aggressions of the "civilized" nations of Europe and Asia. The conversion of so great an imperialist as Mr. Lodge is to be welcomed, whatever his motives and however inconsistent it may be with his acts of the past. But far beyond the politicians, there is growing throughout the land an indignation, notably in church and missionary circles, which cannot be overlooked. Whether it is just Kiaochow or all of Shantung; whether it is 200,000 Chinese who are handed over, or 40,000,000, is of no importance. It is the principle involved which counts, and there is no excuse whatsoever for Mr. Wilson's consenting to this, because it is he himself and no other who has been promising us the new order of the world under which just such happenings as this compromise with Japan were to be barred. Peoples were not to be handed over from one nation to another without their consent. When Kiaochow went to Japan, the whole principle of self-determination went glimmering, and Mr. Wilson was faced with a dilemma from which he cannot escape: either he has committed a moral wrong in order to buy something else that he desired, or he has admitted that his principles are not principles, and therefore inviolable, but nice ideas as to the reconstruction of the world to be applied when one sees fit.

It is just because it is a plain moral issue that there is this outcry in regard to Shantung. The man in the street finds it hard, indeed, to understand the rights and wrongs of the Saar Basin and the treatment of Danzig and the making of a Polish "corridor"; but he can see and clearly understand that China, so often despoiled, is being despoiled again with the consent of the United States, the nation which insisted on the open door, which returned the Boxer indemnity to China, and has in general done everything it could to protect China from further robbery and coercion by the Christian nations. It is useless to point out that compromises are inevitable in such a give-and-take, and to recite the innumerable instances in which China's nationality is being violated today. The average American simply feels ashamed and disgusted that an American President should lend himself to that sort of thing. "We must look out," said a prominent Bishop last Sunday, "lest we find ourselves involved in a most unmoral, if not immoral proceeding in China." Again it is idle to assert that Kiaochow may be left safely to the League of Nations. That is conniving at theft and waiting for a court to restore the stolen property, which is not the American way. And who knows in this case whether the court, packed as it will be with imperialists of the old order, will decide right if the matter comes up for adjudication? It may readily find some other excuse for compromising with evil.

We are aware, of course, of all the arguments on the Japanese side. We have been assured by a very prominent Japanese statesman that Japan has no intention of holding Kiaochow indefinitely, but that it would have been an intolerable insult to Japanese integrity and pride for the Peace Conference to demand the immediate return of Kiaochow. It would have appeared to Japan as a failure to trust her honor and sense of righteousness, which the Japanese Government could never have justified to its people. In addition to this we have heard the familiar excuses that Japan must expand, that Japan, being the natural protector of China, must be given a free hand in order to prevent her from being outraged by other nations, etc., etc. They move us not at all, for they cannot conceal the nature of the offense against China. Nor are we in the slightest degree influenced by the broad intimations that we must hush this matter up lest we run the risk of serious friction with Japan. We cannot connive at wrongdoing for fear of consequences in speaking out.

But this we do with fullest friendliness for Japan. No newspaper, we venture to say, in all America has been more consistently friendly to Japan or has worked more earnestly in behalf of close and amicable relations with her. War between the two countries would be an unspeakable crime against humanity, so much so that we cannot even contemplate the possibility of it. That renders it all the more necessary for *The Nation* to make a most earnest appeal to the Japanese Government itself to clear up this situation and to prevent the making of further mischief between the two countries by a prompt public fixing of the date upon which it will retire from Shantung, if, indeed, Shantung is granted to it by the Peace Treaty. The alleged secret treaty between Japan and Germany has fortunately met with an unequivocal protest from Japanese official sources; but on top of this rumor have come the revolting revelations of Japanese cruelty in Korea to the men and women who have dared to speak of Korean liberty—a liberty which should be theirs and must inevitably be theirs. We frankly do not believe that the Japanese people as a whole desire the taking of Shantung; there are most interesting dispatches telling of the spread of Socialism and Liberalism throughout the plain people, and particularly among the military reserves. It is a wonderful opportunity, therefore, for Japanese statesmanship to cut the Gordian knot. We appeal to them in the name of all that is best in the relationship between the two countries to lose no time in moving, lest irreparable harm be done. The little that Japan may gain from taking Kiaochow is of no value whatsoever compared to the enormous damage that will be done to Japan in the estimation of the whole American people if she insists upon her pound of flesh. More than that, since the defensive alliance between England and Japan has still some years to run before it expires—it binds England to make common cause with Japan if the latter is attacked—we actually run the risk, if a break comes, of having war with England also.

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First Aid to Patriotism

IT seems nowadays that when an American legislator has nothing on his hands worth doing—which happens pretty regularly—or finds need to vindicate what Whitman finely calls "the never-ending audacity of elected persons," he bestirs himself towards the seditious alien with the alacrity of the hart towards the waterbrooks. The number of Federal and State bills introduced during the great recurrent calamity known as the session of the legislature, with a view to making treason odious, is only less remarkable than their character. One Senate bill, for instance, proposes that periodical literature in any foreign language be excluded from the mails. Another proposes that any literature printed in German be unmailable. Then there is the red-flag bill, which not only covers red (and black) flags, but also "emblems." There is the bill which forbids advocacy of overthrowing the United States Government, whether such advocacy is expressed in speech or writing; the organizing of associations, or even the hiring of halls for the purpose of organizing an association for the purpose of such advocacy. By the terms of another bill, an alien who places any explosive, or does any act with the object of destroying either life or property—like killing somebody's dog, for instance, which is a combination of both crimes—shall be punished with death. There is a batch of deportation bills, bewildering in their number, content, and inconsistency, and overwhelming in their contemplation of bureaucratic license. There are immigration bills without end. Being an alien in America is a responsible and onerous business, these days; no wonder they are going back to their native lands as soon as they can. Then finally, there is the impressive effort of Senator King, based on the work of the Overman Committee. This great national catharsis not only makes hay of the Constitution in regard to the right of free speech and of assembly—that, of course, was to be expected—but it goes further. It provides that any person who "shall advocate any change in the form of government of the United States by means of revolution or violence" shall suffer accordingly. Upon this point, the Declaration of Independence says:

> Whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends (life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness) it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation upon such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.

So it seems that even the statesmanship of Thomas Jefferson has to vacate when Senator King steps to the fore.

It is no doubt a mistake to regard this grotesque irruption as a matter of catastrophic importance. These laws will be invoked against few persons, and those only, for the most part, whose actual offence is something not contemplated by the law under which they are cited, or by any other law. And here we come upon the real theory of an unfortunately large portion of American law. Everyone is quite well aware, though no one likes to speak of it, that our laws are framed so as to provide amply for what is known as the "getting" of any person who, according to executive judgment, should be "gotten"; though his real offence be one against which it would be quite impracticable to aim a statute. Our blanket ordinances against "disorderly conduct," for instance, make actionable offences out of whatever the executive may happen to dislike. The Mann White Slave Act has been excellently described as the most effective instrument of blackmail ever devised. Probably the cardinal example is the State laws of the South, under which the Negro is disfranchised. Their terms are sufficiently general to escape collision with the Fourteenth Amendment; but, as every one knows, their actual incidence is strictly special, and was so intended. The spawning of this shoal of alien and sedition bills is due to this same general principle; such of it, at least, as is due to any motive impulse more objective than desire to appear before one's constituency with a gesture of flamboyant patriotism. Even Senator King would scarcely have the hardihood—which, we are aware, is saying a great deal—to propose that economic heresy should be made a crime. But it is a simple matter for him to frame a bill, as he has done, under which the executive can punish and silence an economic heretic, without actually calling his objectionable doctrines into question.

Such laws, or, we had better say, such a theory of the use of law, are absolutely necessary to the maintenance of financial imperialism and its coefficient of non-democratic government. Critics of Congressional procedure should bear this in mind when they are attempting to assess responsibility. A democratic government needs no such laws. An imperialistic government, whose first business it is, according to Machiavelli, to keep itself rich and its people poor, always instinctively reacts to danger in this one way. The danger, too, is a very real one; our legislators by no means magnify it. It does not lie, however, in any prospect of actual violent revolution. Senator King is doubtless as well aware of this as we are; and hence as well aware that such a pretext for his bill is a patent and grotesque absurdity. The danger that besets imperialism is *discussion*. Senator King's bill is of no particular value in keeping the United States Government inviolate, for, clearly, no sane person has any notion of doing it any violence. The real intention of the bill is to obstruct *discussion* of the Government; not the discussion of external and partisan or bipartisan politics—the more of this the better, from the imperialistic point of view—but discussion of the Government's essential nature. It aims, as all these bills aim, primarily at the confiscation of public opinion; which, as a dispassionate study of war-propaganda establishes beyond question, is essential to the purposes of imperialism.

Hence, more and more, we shall develop legislation of this kind; more and more will this theory of law and of the function of law become apparent in the administration of our public affairs. In strictness, perhaps, one might hope that this tendency would as soon as possible develop to its full logical length; for then probably the sooner would the condition giving rise to it be detected and remedied. At present, in our judgment, the best service the public can do itself is not to consider the outrage and humiliation of these laws, but to consider carefully their rationale; not to complain about their injustice, their invasion of natural and constitutional rights, but to inquire why such injustice and invasion are thought expedient, who the men are that think them expedient, what influences are behind these men, and in what category external evidence would range their motives. To protest against such laws is nothing; the fruitful thing is to determine and expose the social philosophy that invariably gives rise to them.

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The Unveiling of Henry Ford

WHATEVER else may be said of the long drawn-out libel suit of Henry Ford against *The Chicago Tribune*, it has at least resolved the mystery of the man himself. This has long puzzled the thoughtful public. About no other of our citizens has there hung such a concealing veil of glamour. His whole story was one to fascinate, because it was so peculiarly American. To start from humble surroundings and to amass fabulous wealth in less than fifteen years by perfectly legitimate methods—this is the dream of the bulk of our adult male population. Few, if any, would wish to imitate John D. Rockefeller; it is the exceptional young man who has not quarrelled with fate that he was not the one to devise the plan of mass production of a reliable motor and at one stroke to abolish one of our most cherished American institutions, the horse and buggy.

Of course, Mr. Ford did more than that. He conferred an inestimable boon upon the rural dweller. He made the country free for multitudes who could never have dreamed even of a horse and buggy. He supplied a most valuable adjunct to industry. This he did by the fairest and squarest methods, so that he should be the despair of the socialists. For he is rated a model employer by reason of his minimum wage of $5 and his readiness to employ convicts and the physically disabled. In building his business he enjoyed no privilege whatever; he injured nobody and drove nobody out of business. He is guiltless of rebates and special railroad facilities and he has enjoyed no political favors. He was simply wise enough to see that to produce a good cheap automobile by the thousand and ten thousand was the road to success, and success came to him with unmatched bounty.

But the man himself? Well, the size of his sudden fortune endowed him at once, as happens so often in this land of Sunday newspapers, with extraordinary and quite mythical qualities. He was not only a genius; he was one of the wisest of men. He was a liberal—anti-war, pro-workingman, with a heart aching for the "down-and-out," and proud of his having worked with his hands while always aiming high. The extraordinary phenomenon of his peace-ship impressed even those who scoffed. That a man should be willing to hire a great liner and cross the ocean on such a bit of knight-errantry held the imagination, even when one doubted the practicality and common sense of the venture. He complied completely with the American demand that if one stands for an idea, one must "put up" for it; he put up hundreds of thousands. He had conceived a glorious idea, or rather others conceived it for him; yet he did not know how to carry it out. Nothing could have been more naïve or pathetic than his first interview with the newspaper men when the venture was launched. "Well, boys, I have got the ship." "What ship, Mr. Ford?" "Why the *Oscar II*." "Well, what are you going to do with her?" "We're going to stop the war." "Going to *stop* the war?" "Yes, we're going to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." "But how are you going to do it?" "Oh, you'll see." "Well, who is going with you?" "I don't know." "Where are you going?" "I don't know." "What country will you head for?" "I don't know." "But what makes you think that you can put it over?" "Oh, we have had assurances." But he had not had assurances, as the event proved, and when he discovered this, he turned and fled for home, abandoning all who went with him.

Now the mystery is finally dispelled. Henry Ford is a Yankee mechanic, pure and simple; quite uneducated, with a mind unable to "bite" into any proposition outside of his automobile and tractor business, but with naturally good instincts and some sagacity. Enter any one of the great factories that line the railroad between New York and Boston and you will find a dozen foremen just like Henry Ford, save that Fortune has poured no unending golden stream into their laps. Many of them are better educated; many of them have far more sagacity and a far keener understanding of what is going on in the world; they would make much more useful Senators, some of them, than Mr. Ford. He does not know who Benedict Arnold was because no one ever taught him; his schooling has been of the slightest. He is a pacifist today and tomorrow favors another war, if it is necessary to obtain a League of Nations—the covenant of which he has probably never read. He contradicts himself; he uses words whose meaning he does not know. He sometimes forgets promises solemnly made. He has now demonstrated that utter unfitness to be a Senator which caused *The Nation* to oppose him for that office last fall. He has achieved wealth but not greatness; he cannot rise above the defects of education, at least as to public matters.

So the unveiling of Mr. Ford has much of the pitiful about it, if not of the tragic. We would rather have had the curtain undrawn, the popular ideal unshattered. It was only the other day that a friend solemnly warned us to look out for Henry Ford, when it came to the next presidential campaign, as a man with seventy-five millions or so, and with Labor behind him, could come near getting the nomination if he wished. Still, for all his weaknesses now revealed, Henry Ford remains a public benefactor, with the romance of his really unparalleled rise to enormous wealth not wholly spoiled by his extraordinary self-revelations.

Concerning Toughmindedness

IT is certainly possible to think too much about the emotional side of life, but then it is also possible to think too little. When Rupert Brooke was in this country, he declared that Americans know exhilaration and depression, but not joy and sorrow. He meant, of course, that we lack a certain inwardness and depth—that the current of our days runs too swift and shallow to float very heavy emotional craft, much less to mirror the universe. This is not wholly a disadvantage. We are all agreed that the sentimentalist, the person who invariably sees life in terms of feeling, is a complete and unmitigated nuisance, perhaps the most intolerable of nuisances. Such a state of mind, if mind it can be called, is fatal to good work and straight thinking. It dwells in a world of refracted lights, of emotional irrelevancies. It invariably wanders amid the distractions of By-path Meadow instead of keeping to the straight and narrow way that leads to the city of accomplishment.

Nevertheless, it is possible to feel too little, to lose the warmth and color that emotion gives to life, to work at the most inspiring tasks without any realization of their value, to deal with politics or science or some humble daily duty without ever relating it to "the on-goings of the universe"; and this is to be without one of the most compelling motives and deepest consolations that life affords. This is to be, in the now classic phrase, "toughminded." This is

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to have no eye for primroses, yellow or other. It has grave disadvantages besides these. The majority of us do not really like to live and work, day in and day out, as the saying is, with toughminded people. We occasionally like to talk about primroses, and when we are so inclined, we do not enjoy being greeted with a smile of amusement or the blank stare of incomprehension. For where there is one "toughminded" Darwin who recognizes and laments his limitation, there are a score who are either unconscious or vain of it. And then there is the delightful group who will assure you that they do not share your naïve enthusiasms only because they are bent on more important matters—they "have that within which passeth show"; but they are really the "toughest minded" of the lot.

No, they are not amusing, except so far as every human type is amusing—these foxes of the fable, deprived of their emotional tails. They have, of course, no sense for literature and none for religion, because they are incapable of awe. They read history to little purpose. To the romance of everyday life they are dead. For "the still, sad music of humanity" they have no ear. Their usefulness we freely grant, though they are seldom so useful as they think they are. Their "sterling qualities" we admire, if we cannot emulate, but we do not seek their companionship. On the other hand, with what relief we turn to the other type, because we are sure of finding in it not only emotional response to the beauty and the mystery of things, but also the philosophic mind from which it springs. We instinctively group, according to this standard, the men and women who have played or are playing a conspicuous part on the stage of the world. Why is it that of all the men who have written in English upon politics, and they have been many and able, Burke should be, by general consent, the most admired? Because of that "unseasonable mysticism" of his, to use Lord Morley's phrase, which inspires him with so exalted a sense of the dignity of human institutions that he compels us, for a moment at least, to share it. Many of his most fundamental ideas are more and more discredited. History has long ago reversed his decision on the French Revolution, and on the English, too, for that matter; but it is inconceivable that the time will ever come when Englishmen and Americans can read the "Reflections" without interest and admiration. Of Lord Morley himself, the "Reminiscences" convinced us, so far as we needed convincing, that he has a very pretty taste in primroses, and that this is one of many reasons for his immense influence upon English thought. This saving grace is found in the most unexpected quarters and in very curious company. Lord Acton had it, and Gladstone. Mr. Balfour still radiates it, in glittering contrast with certain distinguished persons on both sides of the sea who, for reasons of charity, shall be nameless. No race has a monopoly of it, nor of its opposite. We are prone to think that the Latin races are more likely to have it than the Anglo-Saxon, but that is a vulgar error. The Latins are much tougher minded than we or they fancy. In a recent book called "The Possession of the World," M. Georges Duhamel points out, as the crying need of his race and time, the acquisition and cultivation of this gift. For the "possession" of which M. Duhamel writes is a spiritual possession, and has nothing to do with the achievement of that "place in the sun" which Pascal long ago chose as the symbol of all the usurpations and tyrannies of men. In this sense, it appears, the French, like the rest of us, need "a shade more soul."

Youth to the Rescue

What the world suffers from is the senseless and criminal deference paid by Youth to Old Age. The world belongs to the young. Youth has no right to shirk its duties and responsibilities, to leave the management of its estate to a swarm of elderly bailiffs, more or less honest, who can have but little real interest in its future. In the early days of the war, among many that were merely brutal and vulgar, one poster calling for recruits lingers in my memory. A solitary figure, tattered, blood-bespattered, stood grimly facing the oncoming enemy. Across the narrow strip of channel behind him he saw the vision of the young men swarming to the football field, crowding the cinema, feasting and dancing and idling. "Will they never come?" he cried. I feel myself sometimes a little bitter against Youth. . . . We look back at Youth that has no thought or care beyond Jazz-dances and the latest Charlie Chaplin film, and ask ourselves despairingly, "Will they never come?"

IT is not a social revolutionist who writes thus, but Jerome K. Jerome, lover of youth, portrayer of some of its most exquisite phases. "Youth versus Age," he says, "that is the battle that will decide the future of the world." He holds that it is not Liberalism versus Conservatism, not Capital against Labor, not class against class or nation against nation, "but the young hearts of every land, of every class, of every shade of opinion against the cunning old brains and the shrivelled up souls." Will they never come? Well, it is a little bit hard for Youth to find itself. It has not yet recovered from the shock of learning that the whole world depended upon its efforts on the battlefields; that it was only boys who could fly, and boys that could be "shock-troops," and boys that could last any length of time in the dirt and mud and filth, moral and physical filth, of the trenches. Old men were in command, Joffre, Foch, Hindenburg, Ludendorff; it was only rarely that a boy wore a brigadier's star.

Now our Youth, once so suppressed, hears that it must take charge at home, that it must bring the world out of the mess into which Old Age has plunged it. What a revolution, what a change! But what is Old Age and what is Youth? Has Dr. Osler come into his own? Is the deadline at fifty? And what is the beginning of Youth? Is it at sixteen that one is to play a man's or a woman's part? Well, abroad there is stirring a very considerable movement for the emancipation of extreme youth, for they are going to organize the schools for Youth, by Youth. They want self-government in the German public schools and the French public schools, if only to end the domination of the State, expressed through the domination of the teacher. Youth *is* in revolt, Mr. Jerome, it *is* on its way—but you yourself could not define its limits for us if you would. For there are still youths at seventy, not many, perhaps, but still some; and you yourself at sixty have the love of youth so clearly in your heart that you can never cross the line to Age.

Generosity, romance, hope, courage, sweetness, idealism, love of mankind, devotion to the task without thought of the morrow—that is Youth, and those are the qualities the world lacked so sorely at Paris, where sat in conference old men who had never heard a shell fired in earnest, men who had sent Youth to death by the million. Love of mankind—there lies the magic solvent for the evils of an old, embattled world. Then who, pray, can answer the call but Youth unspoiled, Youth unafraid?

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The New Order at Juniper Hill

By WALTER A. DYER

JOEL CUTLER scratched his head, replaced his old felt hat, took a few extra puffs on his pipe, removed it from between his thin lips, and squinted shrewdly up at the gilded ox that serves as a weather-vane on my barn.

"Wal," said he, "I don't pertend to know much about such things, but it sounds to me 's if there was a good bit o' humbug in it."

I was disappointed. I had hoped for better things from Joel. What I needed at that moment was a spiritual and intellectual prop, not a broad sweep of the sponge.

I had just returned from New York, and my mind was still unsteady from the effects of a variety of stimuli and impacts. The lobes of my brain which house my logic, my apperceptive mass, my convictions, my ideals, and my will to do had been attacked in turn by a red radical of Greenwich Village whose traditions and lineage were Russo-Semitic; by a Republican who was also a bank treasurer, a Presbyterian, a patriot, and a good husband and father; a professor of economics with liberal ideas—in a purely academic sense; and a learned editor who had graduated with honors at Harvard and had never discovered any reason for regretting it.

I am peculiarly unfortunate in my reactions to such things. I consider myself something of a socialist—until I talk with a real red Bolshevik. My New England ancestry crops out in the form of a steadying conservatism—until I meet a genuine reactionary. I suspect myself of a certain background of religious belief—until I listen to a sermon in church. I am an insurgent in the arts—until I read *vers libre*.

My brain, I say, still oscillated from the effects of the hustling and jostling I had received, and I looked to Joel Cutler for something clarifying, judicial, conclusive. In most respects he is about the wisest man I know. His philosophy of life is not exacting, and it seems to work. But Joel failed me. I sought for uncontaminated common sense, after my kaleidoscopic vision of theories and programmes and scientific solutions, and I found only scorn. I asked for an argument, an illuminating epigram, and he handed me an evasion.

I presume I made the mistake of a too rapid presentation of the data. I smothered him, perhaps, under a barrage fire of ideas on the industrial crisis, social democracy, economic readjustment, internationalism, conciliation, the single tax, and the ideal republic, so that his only recourse was to dig himself in and draw the word "humbug" over his head. I resolved to be more patient.

"Look here, Joel," said I, "it's all very well for you to cry 'humbug,' but there are a lot of people who are thinking very earnestly about these things, and we may wake up some day to find that their thoughts have been translated into action. Leaving out of consideration for the moment Russia and Germany and Armenia and other foreign parts, what do you make of the fact that there are several million socialists in this country, some of whom honestly believe that the time has come when the capitalists must be toppled off their pedestals by force and the people given a chance to make their own laws regarding the holding of property and payment for labor?"

"Let 'em fight it out among themselves," said Joel, a little bored.

"Meanwhile," I persisted, "the workingman is demanding more wages and the investors bigger dividends. That's why we have to pay so much more for everything. You can't get away from it, Joel, even up here in Lisburn. The thing touches us, and will touch us more if the revolution gets started. The question is, shall we do what we can to help bring about the new order, so that every man shall start at scratch and be given a square deal, or shall we try to block it for fear the radicals will prove to be the worst tyrants of all?"

"I should think it was up to the Gover'ment," said he. "What did we send Charlie Nicholl to Congress for, I'd like to know?"

"Joel," said I, "you're not helpful. I'm worse mixed up than I was before."

I used to be rather proud of my judicial temperament, of my ability to see both sides of a question, but I regret to say that it hasn't got me anywhere. It hasn't even made me happy, and if happiness isn't one of the ultimate human aims, I declare I don't know what is. I sometimes think I could be happy if I were only cocksure. Everybody appears to be cocksure but me. The folks I met in New York were all cocksure. The socialist was cocksure, the professor was cocksure, the bank treasurer was cocksure (so was his wife, by the way), the editor was very cocksure. And now I perceived that Joel was cocksure. With a sigh I turned away to feed the chickens, who were giving unmistakable evidence of their cocksure conviction that the one overwhelming need of the hour was scratch feed and dry mash.

To revert to my stay in the city. The socialist I met in a restaurant. His name was Torski, or Toyorsky, or something like that. He was tall and dark, with eyes that glowed feverishly, and he talked so earnestly that he did not notice when his coatsleeve dipped into his soup. He talked of free speech and free press and free everything, and I think he was the most intolerant man I have ever met. He proved to me that there wasn't a free and fair newspaper in the United States, not one that had dared or been able to publish the truth about Russia, not one that was not under the domination of capitalist influence. I say he really proved this, and I was genuinely disturbed. As for him, he read nothing but *The Call* and *The Liberator*.

"But don't they give you a one-sided view of things?" I asked.

"They are right," he said with finality.

"Undoubtedly," I rejoined, "they hold a torch, but it is used more often to inflame than to illuminate." I thought that rather clever, but it only served to enrage my companion.

"The torch must be used to inflame before it can illuminate," he asserted, and went on to show me that no middle ground could be tolerated, that only the revolution could start things off on the right tack. The other methods had all failed, he said.

"Look here," I rejoined, "let's get at the bottom of this thing. We must admit that the working people are the

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victims of an unjust social condition. Will they be happier under the new régime?"

"Of course," he cried. "All they need is to have their class consciousness aroused."

"Is class consciousness desirable?"

"Of course."

"Among the aristocracy, also?"

He only snorted. He seemed to suspect that I was trifling with sacred matters.

"Well, then," I continued, "let us admit that they will be happier, and that happiness is a primary aim. Is that any reason why I should be a socialist? I have gone to live on a Massachusetts farm in order to be happy, and thus far I like it. Do you want to force me to give that up for the sake of an experiment in happiness that doesn't appeal to me personally?"

"You have no social vision," said he, and left me.

My bank treasurer is, as I say, a Republican who believes that all righteousness was confined to one side during the Civil War, who dates all his political beliefs from that period, to whom the efficacy of high protective tariff is an axiom, who holds that Grover Cleveland was a scourge sent to chastise a nation which showed an inclination to follow after strange gods, and who, even if these things were not so, would still experience a warm sense of righteousness in voting the straight Republican ticket. If he had lived in 1776 I think he would have been a tory. His political, social, and economic god, in whom he feels a sublime confidence, is the *status quo*. Otherwise he is a very likable man, with a discriminating taste in cigars.

His conversation was rather commonplace and quite polite. I was able to listen without excessive irritation to his exposition of the quaint old formula of the tariff as a producer of prosperity—for the manufacturer first and, through his generosity, for the workingman. He held it to be self-evident that the average citizen was better off to have his laws made for him by men of proved ability. And I remember speaking of the effect of the war on wages, past, present, and future.

"All that," said I, "refers to the miners, factory workers, and other classes of labor. How about clerks? How was it in your bank, for instance?"

"Oh," said he, with a beneficent smile, "our men have all been taken good care of."

Taken care of! Paternalism incarnate! In a flash I was an ardent socialist again.

"What do you think of socialism?" I asked.

"It's a menace to society and to the stability of our American institutions."

"But suppose the socialists are right. Isn't truth more important than institutions?"

"But they are wrong. Of course, I don't pretend to know anything about socialism, but I have no patience with trouble makers."

"Perhaps you ought to know something about it. Perhaps you will be obliged to, one of these days. It can hardly be denied that there is at present an unfair distribution of wealth, due to the protection that is furnished to capital. The workingman feels that he is not sharing sufficiently in the product of his labor. You may not agree with him, but he is raising the question most insistently, and the time is coming when he is going to attempt to control all our affairs. It is foolish to order the tide to roll back. The time may come before we die when great economic changes will be forced upon us, when great inheritances and great accumulations of private capital will be made impossible, when there will be no more stock-brokers, neither promoters. There is an element of justice in all this which, it seems to me, no honest, intelligent man can afford to ignore."

The bank treasurer favored me with a look of suspicion. "The Government ought to prohibit the publication of that sort of stuff," said he.

My professor's cocksureness was, I think, the most solid of all, for he had worked out his theories broadmindedly on a scientific basis. He professed a great catholicism of taste. He read authors and publications representing all shades of opinion, and was proud of the fact, I believe, that no one of them caused any more alteration in his views than another. He believed in the education of the masses—strictly in accordance with his own pedagogical formula. He said he believed in the social revolution, though I doubt whether he would have revolted against anything himself. He had worked out a beautiful scheme for an ideal republic and he had an interesting theory regarding the eight-hour day.

"How can the masses ever hope to rise above the economic pressure if they are working all the time?" he demanded. "We must give them more hours to develop in."

"Have you any reason for believing that they would not spend their leisure time at the movie theatre?" I inquired.

"We can make the motion picture an educational instrument."

"Then where would they go?" I persisted, but I think he failed to follow me.

I obtained even less comfort from the editor, who announced himself as a *laissez-faire* economist, whatever that may be, and who showed me clearly that he pinned his faith to the intellectual aristocracy, to which he unquestionably belonged. He did most of the talking. He believes, I think, that statesmen will be raised up to guide us in the future as they have in the past, and meanwhile he warns us to take no European vipers into our bosoms. I don't think I got hold of his philosophy very completely, but I got some very catchy phrases from him which I hope to use sometime.

All the other people I talked with knew little about the coming order and cared less. They appeared to classify all questioners as unsafe. I left New York with a confused sense of mighty changes impending which most men refused to take seriously. The war had been upsetting enough; now let's settle down to a period of industrious peace; that seemed to be the general attitude. And yet I was nervously aware of powerful forces bubbling up from beneath, forces which, so far as I could bring my chaotic mind to judge of them, were backed by fundamental right and justice, however ignorant and wrong their methods might be. What should I, a citizen and voter in Lisburn, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, do about these things?

I think Juniper Hill never looked so good to me as it did on that sodden day in March when I mounted the rise that brought into view my young Baldwin orchard, with the big gray barn and the little white house beyond, still sleeping beneath its lofty elm.

"Here," said I, "is peace. Soon I shall be making a garden and fussing over a sick heifer and cursing the man who promised to fill my woodshed during the winter and didn't. I shall forget all about these questions of social democracy. Seen from a distance, in their proper perspec-

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tive, they will resolve themselves into the childish effervescence of minds made feverish by many noises and too much human contact. This getting out into the world to guard against stagnation, this rubbing elbows with your fellow men, this seeking for intellectual stimuli, this so-called touching life on many facets is all right in theory, but in practice it produces mental indigestion. I'm glad I'm back."

But I had rubbed the lamp and summoned a spirit that I had not the magic to put back in its place. My daily paper kept me in touch with the affairs of men whether I would or not, and I was still oppressed with doubts and questionings. If I had only been born cocksure!

Finally I sent for Dr. Radnor. It wasn't my fear of the influenza, though I had caught a slight cold. I simply wanted the doctor. I told him the buds were beginning to show on the maples and that the skunk cabbage was poking up its vulgar, aggressive head in the swamp. Didn't he need a walk? He might bring along his pipe if he didn't like my cigars.

Dr. Radnor came, and together we climbed up over Juniper Hill and penetrated the spongy woods, already fragrant with the elusive breath of coming spring. Here and there patches of snow still lingered in sheltered spots like scraps of fine old Puritan tradition in the midst of a warring world, and the Doctor liked it all.

I have always found him soothing. Perhaps it is his experience as a physician of the body and as an allayer of physical apprehensions that has given him power to exert more than once a healing influence on my mind. I gave him a minute inventory of my symptoms and asked for a diagnosis and the remedy.

"This is a day," said he, "when many infections are prevalent which were unknown a generation ago. I perceive that you are suffering from a malady which probably never troubled your grandfather. You have congestion of the social conscience, aggravated by an overdevelopment of the judicial temperament."

"And the cure?"

"Let me first give you a little therapeutic theory of my own," he replied, "and then I may venture to prescribe. Allow me to state that I am a bit of a socialist myself, though I doubt if most socialists would recognize me for one. I am in sympathy with the under dog, not so much because he happens to be under as because I love all dogs. I would not choke the upper dog until I had used all other methods of making him get off. I feel no wrath against him. He doesn't know any better; he must be taught. And I have no patience with the under dog's evident yearning to get on top and bite.

"I believe in the education of the masses, including those lofty ones who have never recognized the fact that they also belong to the masses in the eyes of God. Such education is necessary for the anarchist who puts his faith in bombs no more than for the smug American who believes in the pernicious doctrine of the divine right of the successful business man to rule.

"I believe in removing all artificial props and privileges for all classes. I am coming to believe in the scientific taxation of excess profits, big incomes, and bulky inheritances. I do not believe in confiscation, but I do believe in making it difficult for any man who does not labor to get more than ten per cent. on his investments. The amassing of great fortunes should be made practically impossible, while the chance for reasonable economic progress should be denied no man. The unearned increment should be abolished, while a reasonable earned increment should be made secure.

"I believe in greater political equality—woman suffrage and proportional representation of all shades of opinion. The rule of the minority, masking under the rule of the majority, is a political falsehood that the new order cannot tolerate.

"I believe in industrial coöperation, not the alliance of exploitation.

"But I am a Fabian rather than a Marxian socialist. I believe these things can all be brought about through an encouraged evolution rather than a revolution. I still have faith in democracy. I still have faith in the New Freedom. Give them a chance. The best medicines do not always work the most rapidly. I believe in a democracy wrought on broad lines by the labor of many hands, not in a democracy evolved by a single class for its own betterment and based on an inelastic formula.

"I want no revolution, and I base my belief that there will be no revolution on my faith in the inherent common sense of the Anglo-Saxon race, which still has something to say in these matters. Since the time of the Magna Charta, the Anglo-Saxon peoples have accomplished more toward the obtaining of personal and political freedom than any other race in the world, and with less bloodshed. Ours is not a history of class revolution.

"Now about you and me. What can we do? What ought we to do? I have a notion that we won't accomplish any more by joining a group than by raising lone voices in the wilderness. There is rather too much grouping going on, anyway. For my own part, I am inclined to talk less of theories, and practice more personal democracy. For democracy is, after all, not a political institution, but an attitude of the human soul. Make a comrade of the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker, and the plow-boy within your gates. Let us spread the doctrine of personal equality and fraternity; that, as I see it, is about all you and I can hope to do in our neck of the woods. Let us spread the doctrine of personal democracy, and in so far as we are able to get it across, just so much better will the world be made, and just so much clearer will men be able to think.

"And now for your prescription. It is a very old one—older than pennyroyal and nux vomica—but I think, taken thrice daily for a period of years, it will help your particular case. It reads, 'Fear God and love thy neighbor as thyself. Mix well before using.' And if you wish to know who your neighbor is, I have an old medical book at home, not much used by these modern sociological doctors, that will tell you."

Contributors to this Issue

WALTER A. DYER is the engaging author of "Pierrot, Dog of Belgium," and of various books dealing with art and rural life. He was, for eight years, managing editor of *Country Life in America*.

CHARLES WHARTON STORK was formerly assistant professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a translator of note, a frequent contributor to the magazines, and editor of *Contemporary Verse*.

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The Plot Against Mexico—II

By L. J. de BEKKER

RECENT efforts of *The Sun* (New York) and other dailies to whitewash Francisco Villa and his lieutenant, "General" Angeles, who, it is now pretended, is "Provisional President of Mexico," while Villa is merely his Secretary of War, shift the limelight for the moment to the State of Chihuahua and the international boundary. *The Sun* absolves Villa of the Columbus massacre on the ground that he was not in immediate command of his men at the time. No doubt the American people and the British Government have been equally misinformed regarding the murder of Thomas Benton in Villa's office, at Juarez, on April 9, 1914, and of the score and more of Americans whom Villa is officially charged with having slain. Conclusive evidence of the moral purity of Villa will be found in the fact that the American oil interests maintained a financial agent and a press agent with him for three years, which of course they would not have done had he not been as angelic as Angeles himself. And he is Mexico's foremost military leader. That was established at the Battle of Celaya, where General Obregon defeated the Villa army of 40,000 with a force half as large, and drove him back, with a handful of the men who survived, to the northern mountains, where he has since skulked, only re-appearing from time to time for a cattle raid, until a few weeks ago. Villa's break with Carranza took place in September, 1914. Chihuahua has an area of 90,000 square miles—nearly three times the territory of the Kingdom of Ireland—but its population numbers only 227,000.

But how has Villa maintained himself through all these years? Partly by stealing cattle, which find a ready market on the American side of the border, despite the efforts of the border patrol, and partly by robbing ranches and mines; but chiefly through the charity of his American friends. "Innocent, well-meaning, but utterly deceived Villa!" writes, in 1915, the charitably minded Carlo de Fornaro ("Carranza and Mexico"). "If he only knew that the *cientificos*, whom he accuses of having affiliated with Carranza, are really pulling their wires from New York, and using him as a tool to eliminate Carranza, and this because the First Chief intends to carry out all the radical reforms of the revolution!"

Mr. de Fornaro believes, and rightly, that the American press, though it cannot be bought, can be fooled. He tells how British oil interests spent 7,000,000 francs to corrupt the Paris press when Huerta was seeking a foreign loan, on the authority of Dr. Atl, now Director of the Mexican National Art School, who exposed the facts in *L'Humanité*. He throws some interesting light also on the press campaign for Villa in 1913, when "the Villa publicity reached its zenith," and "as much as two hundred dollars was paid to a writer to get a story on Villa into a New York Sunday paper." "Even the Aguascalientes Convention became a Punch and Judy show," he asserts, "managed from New York, and it was used as a convenient lever to oust Carranza and place a puppet in his stead. . . . In fact, all the interviews passed through the hands of an American press agent of Villa, and his manifestos, proclamations, and letters were written by the agents and signed by Villa, who was absolutely ignorant of the contents of the documents."

In the midst of a new campaign against Mexico through the press, one wonders how intelligent editors can be deceived so easily. Melville E. Stone said a few years ago in the course of an address at the Pulitzer School of Journalism: "I once had luncheon with the editor of the Paris *Figaro*, Gaston Calmette. That day his paper had contained what purported to be a cable message from New York, recounting in thrilling phrase the story of a massacre of a large company of people by Indians on Broadway. I asked him why he published so absurd a tale. 'Ah,' said he, 'there are sixty thousand brainless women in Paris. They are the *demi-monde*. They read *Figaro*, and these silly things amuse them!'" "This sort of journalism," Mr. Stone added, "is not the most profitable sort of journalism"—a statement with which one may agree and still wonder why such journalism should be blazoned to the world by certain American newspapers in their efforts to please the anti-Mexican propagandists.

Perhaps even the great and powerful news-gathering association of which Mr. Stone has been so long and with such distinction the directing genius is at fault. The Associated Press serves several newspapers in Mexico, and has its main office in the editorial rooms of *El Universal*, a daily with correspondents in all parts of the republic. Yet its dispatches from Mexico are meagre and far between. On March 3 of this year, a Mexican official, at a dinner given to visiting newspaper men in Mexico City, announced on the authority of the present Mexican Secretary of the Treasury that the petroleum controversy would be solved by eliminating the retroactive features of Article 27 of the new Constitution. The representative of the Associated Press took the floor and asserted that he would not wire this statement until it was made in official form, and criticized the Mexican officials for their lack of system in communicating information to the press. Not wishing to duplicate, but believing that the information should be cabled to New York, I asked the Associated Press man late that night if he really meant to "spike" the story, intending to cable it myself. "Certainly I'll 'spike' it," he said. "It's plain propaganda, and I've been warned from headquarters to let propaganda alone. There's too much of it on both sides."

It is merely the purest coincidence that the oil, mining, and other interests now opposing the Mexican Government should have chosen as their chief press agent in New York a former superintendent of the Associated Press office in New York, Mr. Charles Hudson Boynton, whose father held a similar position before him. Mr. Boynton came to New York nearly ten years ago to engage in the brokerage business, and has been president of the American-Russian Chamber of Commerce. In a characteristic letter covering anti-Mexican oil propaganda, Mr. Boynton tells an editor that he has now assumed the direction of affairs for the National Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico, and that he seeks "information as to the individual with whom we should deal whenever we have information which we think would be of news value." He concludes by a reminder of old Associated Press friendships: "As my new capacity will bring me in touch with many old acquaintances, I hope that you will permit me in the near future to renew ours." Frank J. Silsbee is associated as

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secretary with Mr. Boynton, who is styled "executive director." The offices are located at 347 Fifth Avenue in New York.

But the Boynton bureau is not the only concern handling anti-Carranza propaganda. There seems to have been an Association of Producers of Petroleum in Mexico at the same address, letters for which appear sometimes to get into Mr. Boynton's hands, and there is, or was until recently, an Association of Oil Producers in Mexico, which in last March issued a legal brief for circulation in our State Department, the Foreign Offices of other countries, and the diplomatic corps. It is rather well done—by a lawyer for the Standard Oil Company, I am informed—and in its summing up thus delicately hints at what will happen to church property, if the petroleum laws are not amended at once:

> Confiscation, like conflagration, spreads. If Mexico consummates the confiscation of oil fields contemplated in her newest Constitution and decrees, other confiscatory provisions of Article 27 of this Constitution will be boldly applied as against foreign and native holders of lands. It is undeniable that such consummation will encourage similar spoliation of foreign-owned interests in other new countries. The result will be commercial chaos and fatal retardation of industrial development in these new countries, where development is so needed.

This association lost its punch by admitting that if the petroleum laws were amended, the oil people would have no further grievances against the Mexican Government, and it probably will disappear. Of course the oil producers have grievances. Are not the Mexicans committing the lamb-like folly of muddying the wells from which the oil men drink? They have already manufactured the bases for a new set of grievances, as related in the financial columns of *The Sun* (New York) of June 7, in whose pages nothing offensive to the propagandists is apparently permitted to appear:

> News that the confiscatory feature of the Carranza subsoil nationalization decree is now a dead letter has reached operators of oil companies in the Mexican Tampico fields. They are going ahead with exploration and drilling without any interference from the Mexican authorities. All foreign oil interests in Mexico got together several weeks ago and agreed to keep on boring and bringing in wells without obtaining the new form of permit. This was drawn to compel obedience to the Carranza decree arbitrarily nationalizing Mexican subsoil without regard to property ownership or leased rights legally established before that decree was promulgated last winter. To obtain such a permit an operator had to sign an acceptance of the subsoil decree terms, and thereby relinquish by his own act his ownership or leasehold rights. Several new wells have been brought in by American companies since the decision of the operators to go ahead without Government permission.

This unlawful conduct recalls the dictum of an oil man, widely published throughout Mexico: "If Mr. Carranza won't give us what we want, I'll go down into Mexico City and set up a Government that will."

Even more dangerous to international peace than the more or less easily recognizable propaganda through the press, official appeals, etc., is the veiled attack by lawyers and other employees of the oil interests in their private capacities. Thus Mr. Ira Jewell Williams, of the Philadelphia bar, is always ready to reply to any article in which a favorable opinion of Mexico may be expressed and to set the editor right. In so doing he encloses with his compliments a reprint of an article he wrote for *The Journal of the American Bar Association* on "Confiscation of Private Property of Foreigners under Color of a Changed Constitution." He writes on elaborate law-firm stationery as a rule, but omits to add that he is president of the Panuco-Boston Oil Company, a recent letter to *The New York Times* being an exception.

Much more frank is Thomas Edward Gibbon, attorney of Los Angeles, home town of Messrs. Doheny and Canfield, who calls his book "a lawyer's indictment of the crowning infamy of four hundred years of misrule," dedicates it to the poor peon and his distinguished fellow-townsmen, and echoes their demand for intervention. He has written *the* text-book for the interventionists, regardless of fact or of consequences.

A Reply From the Oil Producers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We are naturally interested in an article by Mr. L. J. de Bekker, appearing in your issue of July 12, entitled "The Plot Against Mexico—I." We believe that you, with your characteristic fairness, will welcome corrections of misstatements of fact appearing in the first of this series of articles.

1. Mr. de Bekker states that "Pullman cars" were in use in certain parts of Mexico. This is not true. The Pullman Company withdrew all of its cars from Mexico in the year 1914. There are no Pullman cars there. There are certain sleeping cars operating on the confiscated national railroads, which cars belong to the British-owned Mexican Railway and were privately built for the Mexican Railway and for its exclusive use. Out of a total of twelve cars so built, only two are operating on the lines of the railroad to which they belong.

2. The article says: "King Pelaez of the oil fields considers it a patriotic duty to blow up any rolling stock belonging to the Government." None of Pelaez's men operate anywhere near any railroad. It is true that bandits, or "patriots," are continually blowing up cars between San Luis Potosi and Tampico, but "King" Pelaez's troops are operating in the oil fields only, far from any railroad, for the reason that the Government is attempting to confiscate their oil values.

3. In other parts of Mr. de Bekker's article it would appear that the companies are voluntarily assisting Pelaez against Carranza. Were Mr. de Bekker a careful investigator, he would have found the facts to be that in January, 1916, Pelaez, in complete control of the southern oil fields of Mexico, made a demand for monthly payment of tribute, under threat of stopping the flowing wells, which stoppage causes their destruction. That he meant business was shown by the fact that he had in effect stopped the second largest well in Mexico, belonging to a company which refused to pay him tribute. The matter was frankly laid before the American State Department, the British Foreign Office, and the Mexican Ambassador designate at Washington. *This Carrancista official advised the companies to pay the levy.* Any money paid to Pelaez for protection of property and to prevent destruction has been paid under this advice and with the full knowledge of the foreign offices of Great Britain and the United States. If Mr. de Bekker believes that the companies are in any way pleased by this imposition, it would be interesting for him to explain on what he bases his belief.

4. Mr. de Bekker makes a further misstatement, which he made in his articles in *The New York Tribune* and which was corrected publicly at the time, to the effect that Pelaez's income from the oil companies is $200,000 a month. This is untrue. Pelaez never got one-sixth of that amount for any month from the oil companies.

5. The article states: "Of course, a guard of United States Marines would cost these gentlemen nothing. That is the first incentive to the plot against Mexico—extrication by armed force from a difficult situation." Had Mr. de Bekker mentioned any particular company or association in this matter, the statement would constitute a damaging misstatement rather serious under the laws of New York. There is no plot. The oil companies do not ask the protection of marines or American soldiers, nor do they ask intervention. The oil companies seek only two things, which are recognition of their legal rights and adequate protection for their men in the field. In both of these contentions they have the support of the Department of State.

6. The article states: "The total value of petroleum exports for that year (1918) was 141,557,553.20 pesos." This is an excellent example of the credulity or lack of care of the writer of the article. The figure given is higher than the total value

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of all petroleum products of Mexico at foreign ports of discharge of tank steamers. The actual value of the oil as it left the ports of Mexico during 1918 was under 45,000,000 pesos. The figure quoted by Mr. de Bekker is misleading, though it is probably the Mexican Government's figure of values on which their "ten per cent." tax on oil was estimated. It is notorious that the appraisal of oil values for the purpose of "10%" export tax is from 100 to 200 per cent. above the value of the oil as it leaves the ports of Mexico.

7. "Both rentals and tax rates are lower than in Texas or Oklahoma." As to rentals paid to land owners for petroleum fields in Mexico, they vary according to whether lands are proved or unproved, age of the field, and many other pertinent circumstances. Some of the first leases made in Mexico, at a time when the Americans desiring to develop petroleum were considered insane, are at low rates. The last rental contracts are at annual rentals higher than are known anywhere else in the world, with the possible exception of the guaranteed-producing Ranger field in Texas. As to the statement respecting taxes, the author's artistic temperament may be shown by the fact that the export tax rate in Mexico, nominally ten per cent., is actually, on crude oil, from 25% to 50% of the *value of the oil.* The highest tax on oil export or production anywhere in the world today, outside of Mexico, is the State tax levied in Oklahoma, which tax includes all taxation on the oil industry, and which amounts to 3% of the value of oil at the mouth of the well.

ASSOCIATION OF OIL PRODUCERS IN MEXICO

New York, July 14

Mr. de Bekker's Rejoinder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: 1. Mrs. de Bekker and I travelled in a private car from Vera Cruz to Mexico City on a train to which two or more Pullman cars were attached. We travelled from Mexico City to San Luis Potosi on the through train for Laredo in a Pullman car. There were one or two more on the train, I believe, and there always are on these trains, which start daily from both Mexico City and Laredo. There were, I believe, seven or eight Pullman cars, or cars of the Pullman type, attached to the Presidential special, on which I spent eight days. The Mexican railways maintain an office in New York and will sell through Pullman accommodations to Mexico City at any time. The cars are operated, not by the Pullman Company, but by the Mexican railway administration, and I assume that in this country they are operated by our Government.

2. Pelaez bandits murdered an American mining engineer, Dufourcq, many miles from the railway, and one association's press agent sent out a story blaming this crime on Zapata, who had been dead several weeks, in order to protect the reputation of the "King of the Oil Fields." I have photographs of some of the Pelaez bandits swinging from telegraph poles, where they were hanged by Mr. Carranza's soldiers. These photographs, being taken from the car windows, show them to have been pretty close to the track. Why does the Association defend the bandit in this paragraph and attack him in the next?

3. Who is the Carranza official who advised the support of rebellion against Carranza? Would the people of Mexico be justified in setting up an armed rebellion in Ireland against Great Britain or in Haiti-Santo Domingo against the United States if advised to do so "by a Wilson official" and with "full knowledge of the foreign office" of Mexico?

4. The statement that Pelaez has been receiving $200,000 a month from the oil men is made on high American authority. The representative of the Association who called upon you admits $30,000. How about the payments of the French, British, and Belgian interests?

5. The Association uses the present tense in saying that the "oil companies do not ask the protection of marines or American soldiers, nor intervention." Washington pigeon-holes are full of such pleas, and will be again deluged with appeals. Conspirators usually deny that they have a plot, but if the State Department really encourages the oil men in lawless acts, I certainly have a right to criticize it.

6 and 7. I prefer the official figures of the United States of Mexico, freely given and publicly proclaimed, to any that the Association can provide, unless it will give the source of its information.

New York, July 16 L. J. DE BEKKER

Francis Barton Gummere

By CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THOSE who knew Professor Gummere both as a scholar and as a man realize that in him was united a two-fold genius. To a degree peculiarly rare in this generation he combined the virtues of doing and of being. He was a great scholar and a great personality. This seemed so natural to his intimate friends that they often ceased to recognize in it anything out of the common, but it never failed to impress an outsider. Men who conversed with him genially about politics, business, or sport were compelled to revise their previous ideas as to the dimensions of teachers; and, on the other hand, his erudition raised him immeasurably above the facile retailers of commonplace culture too often found in his profession. Assuredly few men could approach him in the almost perfect combination of force and charm.

Francis Barton Gummere was born on March 6, 1855, in Burlington, New Jersey. He came of old Quaker stock, his father and grandfather having taught at Haverford College, the leading intellectual institution of Quakerism in this country. His grandfather was Professor of Mathematics when the college opened as a school in 1833, and his father was President from 1862 to 1874. Some emphasis on this point is necessary to make clear the character of a man who was to teach at Haverford for thirty years, declining the most tempting offers from large universities. Professor Gummere the Third graduated from Haverford in 1872 and from Harvard in 1875. He had hesitated for a time as to his profession, working tentatively at law, but the compelling influence of Professor Francis J. Child at Harvard fixed his interest on English literature, more particularly Anglo-Saxon, Chaucer, and the popular ballad. From 1875 to 1879 he taught at the Friends' School, Providence. He then studied for two years in Germany, taking his doctorate at Freiburg in 1881. He taught a year at Harvard, but left for a more lucrative position as headmaster of the Swain Free School, New Bedford. In 1882 he married Amelia S. Mott, also of Burlington, who has since become well known for her historical studies of the early Quakers. Dr. Gummere was appointed Professor of English at Haverford in 1887, and after a year of research entered upon his duties, in which he continued up to the time of his sudden death, May 29 of this year.

Notable as were Professor Gummere's attainments in scholarship, it is nearly impossible for anyone who has studied under him not to think he was greatest as a teacher. Yet he made important contributions to research. He was ideally situated for the work in hand. With only undergraduate teaching, which was mainly less a task than a delight, he had time and energy for the careful, unhurried investigation that his subject required. Though near Philadelphia, he enjoyed the seclusion of a lovely campus, with possibilities for whatever sort of exercise he might require. For many years this consisted of walking and cricket; cricket he played on the second college eleven with the students. Later, when golf came in, he took up the new game with his usual spirit. He enjoyed the society of a small group of friends, literary-minded and otherwise, with whom he could be entirely informal. For the rest, he went out but little to functions and travelled seldom except for summer vacations

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and very occasional lecture courses. His social genius was preserved mainly for his friends and for the class room. Refusing all offers to do journalistic work, he concentrated on his subject, the origin of poetry.

Most of Professor Gummere's investigations were in the fields opened to him by his studies in Harvard and Germany, and his first volumes of research were "The Anglo-Saxon Metaphor" and "Germanic Origins." Two valuable textbooks were a "Handbook of Poetics" and, more especially, a college edition of "Old English Ballads." The subject of ballads had of course been inherited from Professor Child of Harvard, who with his great collection of all discoverable specimens had firmly established the scholarly and literary importance of the field. Professor Gummere in his selection of the best authentic ballads performed an important service to undergraduates. Almost all other collections of ballads—including of course the two most familiar, Percy's "Reliques" and Scott's "Minstrelsy"—are vitiated by the presence of cheap and spurious material. Professor Child's ten volumes are, of course, only for the specialist. The publisher undertook Professor Gummere's edition with condescension; nobody read or taught ballads. But the book has already run to twenty editions and must have exercised an important influence on the present generation of American poets. The very reading of ballads is an education in democracy, and is the best possible corrective to strained individualism. The marked beat of the rhythm with the free introduction of light syllables, the earnestness, the grim humor, the healthy manliness, and the dramatic instinct of the ballad form an admirable foundation for the true enjoyment of poetry.

But Professor Gummere's monumental work, "The Beginnings of Poetry," published in 1901, goes back to the anthropological stages previous to the ballad. This is in every sense a work of creative scholarship, which has already been built into the structure of accepted contributions to the sum of knowledge. Naturally, special aspects and theories in it have been much disputed, and parts of it are subject to revision, but in the main it stands firmly as an accurate description and an illuminating interpretation of the facts. Owing to the thoroughness of the treatment and the need of eliminating the absurdities of various German theorists, the book is not easy reading for the layman, but it is full of brilliant passages. Above all, the presentation is vital. The reader is not so much told how poetry evolved as made to feel its growth dynamically from rhythmic cries, through the repeated phrase, to the early ballad stage of leader and chorus.

Most valuable to the average student of literature are the implications in this book as to the importance of the democratic element in all poetry. The author makes us understand the type of Burns, the German romantic balladists, Béranger, and Kipling; the type forever opposed to the poets of the "ivory tower." Professor Gummere is not dogmatic; for his own part he could fully enjoy both (as Nietzsche names them) the Apollonian and the Dionysian elements of poetry; but he calls attention to the fact that the latter is being neglected and that therefore poetry is in danger of becoming the plaything of the few, not the solace of the many. Again, as to form, Professor Gummere does not undertake to decide whether or not poetry must be in regular metres; he merely shows that it originated in the tribal dance-song, where the beat was absolutely fixed, and that this beat prevails in a modified form through the ballads and popular epics. The exploiters of free-verse who turn to history for justification have little chance against evidence such as this.

Professor Gummere devoted another volume to "The Popular Ballad" in the Types of English Literature series, and contributed the article on ballads to "The Cambridge History of English Literature." Of recent years nearly all the important English critics have recognized him as the leading authority in the whole field of poetic origins. A more popular volume followed, a translation of Beowulf and several Anglo-Saxon epic fragments into alliterative verse under the title, "The Oldest English Epic." This translation gives the feel of the Anglo-Saxon metre to a modern reader better than any other.

In his last book, "Democracy and Poetry," 1911, Professor Gummere applies the knowledge gained in his researches into primitive poetry to the problems of poetry in America today. With much clarity and moderation he draws an analogy between the present condition of poetry and of politics in this country. Disproving Rousseau's fallacy of man's innate goodness, he shows that the only true political freedom must come from a voluntary devotion to the good of the community. Passing to the other side of his analogy, Professor Gummere asserts that poetry consists of fire and form. Whitman had the fire, but in the main lacked the form. "He cannot be the poet of democracy in its highest ideals who rejects the democratic idea of submission to the spirit of the laws." These laws are of course not the laws of literary cliques but of natural evolution. The book is not, as it may seem to some, reactionary against present tendencies; it is merely a maintaining of Burke's position that all real advance must be along the lines instituted in the past, that the poet who voices the highest aspirations of a people in a form that naturally dominates their emotions is the true poet of democracy.

Professor Gummere's services to scholarship were important both in exploring the past and in throwing light on the present. What his students received from him, however, bore apparently little relation to the material of his books. What he really did in the class-room was to make every man share his enjoyment of poetry. His chief courses at Haverford were the ballad, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and Goethe (in German), with Anglo-Saxon and Middle High German for advanced students. But in any course he took all poetry to be his province. How I remember, apropos of the Anglo-Saxon poem, "The Phœnix," his suddenly quoting from memory

> Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
> When June is past, the fading rose.

By the next meeting of the class every man had independently memorized Carew's lyric. This is a typical incident. Dr. Gummere was not a teacher, he was a vital atmosphere; and his lectures, according as one considered them from an intellectual or an emotional angle, were revelations or adventures.

There never were such classes as his, we believed. Who could equal him in readiness of wit? Where was there such a raconteur? Who else could carry the feel of a poem into one's heart of hearts? Cutting was unknown even to the frivolous; every man got there if he possibly could. Order was something that never had to be thought of. If it was a lecture, we could look forward to an hour of pure enjoyment, to a vivid presentation of the subject plus parallels from almost any other literature, and a special humane sort of humor that always kept bringing poetry over into life. If

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it was a recitation, we would read—as well as we could, but mostly in the usual plodding way—the work assigned, till the instructor would suddenly get behind the passage in question and make it real. Professor Gummere could be thorough enough, too, on proper occasions, could take us as near to the soul of a Shakespeare character as we were able to go. The classes were irregular, it must be granted, but we learned vastly more there than any mere book-work; we learned to love truth and beauty. One pedagogic authority said of him that his was the only real teaching.

To convey a true idea of his power one needs to visualize his appearance and manner, above all to reproduce the tones of his voice. These combined make to me now one of the most living parts of my being, one of the dominant impulses in me. How can I communicate such things in black type on a sheet of paper? But I must attempt it. Dr. Gummere was of medium height, very deep-chested, simply but urbanely dressed. The head seemed to thrust itself at you, so vigorous and marked were the features. There was a viking-like power and heartiness about his face: the direct, kindling glance of the gray eyes; the heavy, projecting chin; the high, back-sloping forehead; the bushy gray mustache, darkly arched eyebrows, and hair brushed squarely along the temples. His voice was very deep and exceedingly free and flexible. It always seemed to brim up as from a spirit overflowing with abundant strength. Everything about him was individual and spontaneous. He was perhaps most like a powerful river that braced one's energies and carried one along without the slightest desire to resist. For he had the supreme sympathetic gift of making his hearers a part of him or of whatever he was describing.

It is a matter of regret to Dr. Gummere's admirers that so little of his personality can be gleaned from his books; more broadly, that the world in general can gain so inadequate an idea of one whom we love and value so deeply. He taught in a small college and seldom appeared in public. With his almost unequalled taste and sympathy, it is unfortunate that he did not oftener relax into popular books of the better sort. His talent as a poet, too, was left undeveloped, doubtless also at the instance of a strict scholarly conscience. He is, however, represented in Stedman's "American Anthology" by a stirring poem on John Bright, and he wrote some noble stanzas in Fitzgerald's Rubaiyat metre for the fiftieth anniversary of Haverford College. More personal is a lyric on Villon beginning:

> Ah, my singer of olden days,
> That tweaked your stupid time by the nose,
> Taunted, tippled and went your ways,—
> What did you care for laurel or bays?
> Down from the balcony fluttered a rose.

How many of our Bohemian poets can achieve the glow and abandon of these lines by an erudite professor?

He was awarded an honorary Litt. D. by Harvard, was President of the Modern Language Society, and a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. His influence through his teaching has widened rapidly. Scores of his pupils have carried what they could of his spirit into academic careers. One of the happiest tributes that have so far appeared in print is from a member of this year's graduating class at Haverford, who quotes the words of Stevenson: "Now and then in life we meet one of those rare spirits, a man well liked by all; a man's man, with opinions of his own, but with so gracious a personality as to render enemies an impossibility."

Foreign Correspondence

Government by Coalition

London, July 10

IN America, a combination of members of two political parties—as in an anti-Tammany campaign, for instance—is called a fusion. In England, it is labelled a coalition. The two terms are not quite synonymous. A fusion is defined by the New English Dictionary as "the union or blending together of different things (whether material or immaterial) as if by melting, so as to form one whole," whereas a coalition is "an alliance for combined action of distinct parties, persons, or states, without permanent incorporation into one body." Certainly things may coalesce when they come far short of the state of union produced by fusing. The difference corresponds, perhaps, to that between a mechanical and a chemical mixture. If so, coalition, not fusion, is undoubtedly the fit name for the Government now in control in Great Britain. It consists of elements that have been added to one another without producing a compound that differs in its nature from the sum of its constituent sections. These sections retain their individual characteristics, and there are signs that before long they will fly apart.

The first coalition Government, of which Mr. Asquith was the head, possessed a true unity. Its one object was the efficient prosecution of the war, and on this all its members and supporters were agreed. It worked out, of course, to the advantage of the Tory party. For the time being, all domestic controversies were suspended, and the holding up, *ad infinitum*, of all projects of reform is precisely the programme of Conservatism as against Liberalism. Even such temporary changes as had to be introduced for the purposes of the war were of a reactionary type, and therefore in a line with Tory policy. But in the main the association of the two parties was a reality. The claim of the administration that it was a national Government was a just one.

The same might be said of the Lloyd George Government in its early days. But the general election, which took place a month after the armistice, transformed its character in this respect. The Prime Minister's appeal on that occasion was twofold. He asked the nation to unite, partly to garner the fruits of the war by means of the treaty that was about to be negotiated, and partly to build up a new England that would be a fit place for heroes to live in. Both these objects influenced the electorate and contributed to bring the Government its overwhelming majority. About the treaty part of the programme there was—at that time—little difficulty. Pledges to make Germany pay, to bring the Kaiser to trial, and so on, precisely met the demands of the popular mood, and scooped in votes by the tens of thousands. But the programme of domestic reform was less definite. It was limited to vague and general promises capable of being variously interpreted according to the varying desires of the voters. For the moment, however, Mr. Lloyd George's tactics were brilliantly successful. There seemed at last to have come into being, in British politics, the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society that Carlyle satirized. Lord Halsbury and Lord Chaplin were prominent on the platform of the meeting at which the Prime Minister started his election campaign. An Isaian prophecy was fulfilled and the lion and the lamb lay down together.

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Until a few days ago, the Government could keep its supporters together by emphasizing the national danger of division in face of an enemy who had not yet signed a peace treaty. That risk having been removed, the only bond of union between Conservative and Liberal members of the coalition in Parliament is the fear of losing their seats if an appeal to the country should become necessary through a breakdown of the Government. A new spirit of independence is showing itself in the House of Commons. Within twenty-four hours after the Prime Minister made his triumphant speech on the treaty, his Government was defeated, on the third reading of the Women's Emancipation Bill, by 100 votes to 85. It is said that there is no previous instance of so far-reaching a measure being carried through its final stage in the House of Commons in face of the opposition of the Government of the day. It was not a "snap" division, as the Government had sent out a heavily underlined whip specially requesting the attendance of its supporters. This defeat is described by one influential paper as "the most wholesome incident that has occurred during the session," and by another as "the most refreshing breeze that has blown through Parliament since the armistice." It is generally recognized as a rebuke to the Government for its contemptuous treatment of the House, which had been allowed to pass the second reading of the measure and to discuss it in detail in committee without any guidance from the Ministry. Only when it had reached its final stage did the Government think it worth attention. This cavalier attitude is greatly resented, as indicating that the Government does not take Parliament seriously. A few days later the Government met another rebuff in the refusal of the House to approve the appointment of a second under-secretary to the new Transport Ministry.

A sharp struggle is now in prospect on the question of nationalization. During the election campaign Winston Churchill won many labor votes for the coalition by announcing that the Government had decided on the nationalization of the railways. It now turns out that he had no warrant whatever—though no other member of the Government disavowed his statement at the time—for committing his colleagues to that policy. The threat of a strike of miners early in the year was met by the appointment of the Coal Commission, which has now reported in favor of nationalization of the mines. Its recommendations, however, have not been adopted by the Government, which, so the Leader of the House announces, has not yet had time to make up its mind on the subject. But events are moving on with a speed that has no pity on the dilatoriness of politicians. No doubt an attempt will be made to evade the difficulty by devising some new formula that will enable the reactionaries and the progressives in the House still to regard one another as allies. Lloyd George is an expert in "deals," and he will find exercise for his skill in trying to patch up some agreement that will enable each side to suppose that it is having its own way. But the time is now past for the success of such manœuvres.

The time has come, in short, when Lloyd George must swing either to the Right or to the Left, and, whether he turns in this direction or in that, he will be unable to carry the whole body of his supporters with him. Between the two wings of the coalition there is not only a fundamental incompatibility of temper, but an irreconcilable conflict of interests. There is bound to be a tug of war.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Away

BY FRANCES AVERY FAUNCE

AT home, brown marshes wait on tidal streams,
And every little cedared hillock seems
Spent by some former age, wearied, and dry,
While here, the mountains half-way up the sky
Rise from a constant river, where the green
Of lofty pines looks through a willow screen.
Calm is the majesty of lowly things
But grandeur lifts the soul on widespread wings.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter learns with pleasure that the shipping strikes are detaining Miss Margaret Bondfield in this country and fervently wishes that something might keep her here indefinitely, to go on with her most useful work of educating the American labor world. We talk about the exchange of professors and editors! Nothing is so much needed in America just now as an exchange of labor leaders and of prominent Liberals—only you could not induce the English Labor world to accept Sampel Gompers as a temporary loan at any rate of interest. However, they would be shocked, like those who have already been here, at the intolerance of America and the total lack of a responsible public opinion. Miss Bondfield's charm of personality is not her only reason for success on the platform. It is related of her that when a great and turbulent Albert Hall meeting got out of hand, and all the men present failed to restore order, this diminutive little lady did. Like all successful English speakers, she is not only accustomed to heckling, but delights in it as a mental stimulus and inspiration. When shall we introduce this most useful institution over here?

* * * * *

THE Drifter would like to pay some added tribute to Professor Francis B. Gummere, because he has seemed to the Drifter, during most of the Drifter's life, a solid isle of knowledge in the midst of a fretful ocean of disquisition. He could never, as Mr. Stork points out, be tempted by the excitements and sharp rewards of journalism away from his rightful labors. Neither, we may say further, could he be tempted away from the strong foundations of common sense by all the glittering hypotheses with which irascible Teutons claimed to throw veridicous lights into the vexed darkness of Germanic origins. He belonged, indeed, to one of two opposed parties in his opinion concerning the process by which ballads are created, but he brought to his contentions such learning and such justice of observation that his arguments rise easily beyond their own technical bearings and reach something like universal application. Other lovers of poetry might be to it as sportsmen who wander irresponsibly over its domains, or as mere sightseers, content to peep and exclaim and perhaps forget. Professor Gummere was a farmer of that ground, who plowed it to the subsoil and knew it to the hardpan. He lived too close to the very soil and weather of true poetry to be distracted either by the ancient misconceptions of its nature, which of course he found everywhere, or by the trivial heresies which passed in each decade over his busy head. THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Wanted—A New Drunkenness

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On the evening of July 2, after old John Barleycorn had been laid away in a grave at which I, for one, was a sincere mourner, I turned to my Baudelaire (translated, of course, for I was brought up in a shoe-shop in Maine, and have had to hustle so hard for a living that I have never had time to learn French) and read the "Little Poem in Prose," entitled "Be Drunken." I am sure you remember the opening paragraphs:

"Be always drunken. Nothing else matters; that is the only question. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time weighing on your shoulders and crushing you to the earth, be drunken continually.

"Drunken with what? With wine, with poetry, or with virtue, as you will. But be drunken."

Old John is dead. Wine is out of the question. I don't know anybody that is drunken with poetry. Certainly not our *vers librists*. In our time, we have seen men drunken with the lust for gold and with the lust for blood. And perhaps these sources of intoxication have not yet finally gone the way of our old friend John. But they have at least lost the attraction of novelty; and the events of recent years have somewhat discredited them as sources of beneficent intoxication. I have wondered what the new drunkenness is to be; for it is a commonplace that we are in a new world since the war, and some new intoxicant must be found to be up-to-date. I have seen signs that many men and women are becoming drunken with the spirit of brotherhood. And even the old *Nation*—the paper which sometimes used to tempt me to profanity, it was so desperately "respectable," so obstinately and undivorceably wedded to things as they were—has joined the new Bacchantes.

But, honestly, aren't you a little bit too tipsy?

Miami, Oklahoma, July 4 CHARLES B. MITCHELL

The Germans and the Treaty

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very much pleased with *The Nation*. Every number that I have received for the last six months has been a source of great satisfaction to me, and, in addition to being a regular subscriber, I have bought almost every week one or two extra copies to give away. You will not think, therefore, that I am an unfriendly critic when I say that I do not like the editorial in the issue of June 28 entitled "The Peace that is No Peace." I do not like it because in it you blame the Germans for signing the treaty, and also because you assert that their signing it is an evidence of the utter moral bankruptcy of the common people of the country. I differ with you on both statements.

I do not think that the German people could do anything else than sign. They were physically helpless and signed under coercion. Nor do I think that they are morally bankrupt. The Germans are simply average people morally—neither wholly good, nor wholly bad. In fact, they are just like the common people in France and Italy, in England and in the United States—just average people. I make a clear distinction between all of the important European Governments and the respective peoples which they govern. The peace treaty shows that the Governments of England, France, and Italy are also imperialistic Governments and that the purposes of all of our Allies, those purposes being effectually expressed not by their people, but by their Governments, were imperialistic. If the German representatives had not signed the peace treaty, the physical power of the Allies would have been exerted against the common people of Germany still further.

While, therefore, I think that the representatives of Germany should have signed the treaty just as it is, I agree with *The Nation* that the United States is not compelled to endorse either the League or the treaty and ought not to endorse either of them. The United States is still a democratic country. The peace treaty is not a democratic document.

Buffalo, June 30 FRANK C. FERGUSON

An Indictment of Liberalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An amazing feature of the growth of the prohibition movement has been the failure of the publications professing liberal principles to protest against the flagrant violation of the personal rights and liberties of the millions of sober, temperate men and women who use alcoholic beverages in moderation without injury to their health or morals. I have been an attentive reader for several years of such journals as *The Survey, The Public, The Outlook, The Independent,* and *The New Republic*. In none of them have I ever found a word of editorial condemnation for laws that deprive the great majority of the American people of the right to drink harmless and beneficial beverages. What does all the lip-service of these journals to the sacred cause of liberty, democracy, and individual rights amount to, when they either approve of, or do not protest against, this glaring violation of a fundamental right? Is it any wonder that reactionary schemes for muzzling the press, for taking away the right of free discussion of social and economic questions, and for subjecting the people to the despotism of a bureaucracy should be advocated, when those who pretend to be liberals have thus given the lie to their professions?

New York, July 11 WHIDDEN GRAHAM

Father Tabb

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read your editorial a few weeks ago on "In Time of Need" with interest, especially all that you wrote of Father Tabb's poetry. It was my privilege to know Father Tabb personally, correspond with him, and often meet with him during his vacations down at his Virginia farm. He was always cheerful, jovial, and as Poe said of the Jesuit priests of St. John's College near Fordham, he talked about everything but religion.

I am wondering how many have read that little privately printed edition of fifty copies of "John Bannister Tabb. A Study of His Poetry," by Dr. Thomas R. Price (John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, 1896).

In his study, Dr. Price says of Father Tabb's poetry: "In his steady vision of familiar nature, there is, of course, much that reminds us of Wordsworth. But, between Wordsworth and him, there has moved, in the world of art as well as in the world of faith, the transforming genius of Cardinal Newman; and, by Newman's influence and example, the younger poet has learned to intensify and to spiritualize the Wordsworthian manner." As an example of one of Father Tabb's poems which carry a great process of philosophic thought compressed into the star-like cluster of a few radiant words, Dr. Price concludes with Father Tabb's poem,

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

Richmond, June 22 J. H. WHITTY

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The Trouble in Putnam County, Georgia

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of June 14, under an editorial caption, "The Negro at Bay," you asserted, among other race troubles in the South, that "the Ku-Klux have commenced to ride again; on a single morning recently, in Putnam County, Georgia, they burned five Negro churches, two schools, and a lodge-hall."

Putnam is one of the "black counties" of that region, the Negroes outnumbering the whites in the ratio of three to one, but has heretofore been singularly free from any kind of race friction, and I have heard the citizens boast that there had never been a lynching in the county. I was naturally much disturbed by your report, and immediately wrote my brother, who lives at Eatonton, the county seat, for information. He replied as follows:

"The report you read of the burning of 5 Negro churches and two lodge rooms in Putnam County was true. There was some excitement among the Negroes for a few days, but we immediately called a mass meeting in Eatonton, offered a reward of $1,100 for the arrest and conviction of the guilty party, and also raised by subscription sufficient money to rebuild the burned buildings. The mass meeting was largely attended by the best elements of both races. I have talked with many of the best Negroes in the county about the affair, and most of them believe the burning was done by young Negroes who have been selling 'blind-tiger' whiskey at those churches, as only those were burned at which such trouble had occurred, and other Negro churches had not been disturbed. Unfortunately, our sheriff, who had collected much evidence toward the conviction of these 'blind tiger' agents, died suddenly of heart failure last week, but the investigation is being carried on by other officers at present (June 30). . . . We apprehend no trouble with the Negroes of the county over this affair. There are, of course, some bad Negroes in every community, but as a rule, the Negroes of Putnam are law-abiding, and constitute the chief labor dependence for crops, particularly cotton."

I share your concern over the evidences of race tension in the South, and wish the Southern whites could be induced to see the wisdom of encouraging—instead of retarding—the exodus of their surplus colored population to other sections of the country. In the circumstances, it seems most deplorable for a responsible journal like *The Nation* to give currency to any exaggeration or misstatement calculated to increase the exasperation of either race.

Washington, July 5 Annie Rhey Hale

[Our reliance was upon press dispatches.—Editor of *The Nation.*]

Found—One Hope

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: "Can you find no hopeful or redeeming virtue in our present system?" asks one of your correspondents.

No, none to satisfy those who have grown sick of a civilization that hides its inhumanity with a covering of fine phrases. The time has come when we must realize (disconcerting though it may be) that our civilization no longer satisfies the growing demands of a developing social conscience in the human family. Our civilization aborts, crushes, destroys, while humanity is having a mighty struggle to grow and develop.

Out of the hopelessness of the present system looms one hope—an understanding dissatisfaction with this system among ever greater numbers, and an attempt at constructive thought for change. Let us then foster this one hope and cease to be apologists for a system because it has "something fine." Let us waste no energy seeking signs of hope where hopelessness only can be found, and shed no tears over a crumbling civilization.

New York, June 8 A. G.

An Unacceptable Proposal

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many of your readers are indebted to you for the quotation from the statement of General Smuts to the Peace Conference. But we are wishing that *The Nation* would take the same position as this English General.

There are many loyal Americans who deeply regret the inability of the Peace Conference more nearly to approach the conditions of the ideal peace, but to them it appears that the important task is the effort to secure something out of the treaty to which the world can cling and by which the world can build some structure for the future.

It appears to me that *The Nation* is rather more concerned with keeping its record spotless than with offering a constructive policy based on the actual facts. We realize that your editorials are fearless, but a little discouraging. Why can you not suggest to us just what, as a nation, with the conditions as they are, we ought to do. Do you not think it a bit difficult for us to throw ourselves into the laps of men like Reed and Lodge? General Smuts, it seems to me, has indicated our policy.

As we look at the treaty, the one hopeful thing about it is the proposed League of Nations. Why not try to make that the rallying point for the discouraged and disheartened liberalism of the country? It may make your record cleaner to tell us there is no hope, but is not that often easier than to look around for some reason for encouragement?

Columbus, Ohio, July 8 Irving Maurer

[An acceptance of the covenant would be an easy way out. But *The Nation* declines to compromise with the evil and injustice and dishonor of the treaty.—Editor of *The Nation.*]

Another Hun Conspiracy

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the interests of the continued existence of the nation, I call your attention to a pernicious growing influence that is plainly of a pro-German foundation. I refer to the efforts being made to abolish the study of German in schools. With German a dead language as far as non-Germans are concerned, the Huns could plot in peace. Is that not plain? It would be as safe for them as if they had adopted cuneiform characters in their communications. Let us thwart them by spreading the teaching of German as widely as possible.

Delaware, Ohio, July 8 C. J. F.

The Latest Scrap of Paper

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When referring to "scraps of paper," we should never forget that the most celebrated scrap of paper in the history of the world is the one upon which the Fourteen Points are written, because on the strength of it the United States entered the world war and the Central Powers laid down their arms.

July 14, 1919 George Fentrick

A Melodic Peril

To the Editor of the Nation:

Sir: Did Versailles in the end go mad? I hear the Germans are again writing music! Perhaps the League will put a stop to it, but there is certainly no mention of it in the so-called treaty of peace. How can mankind be safe, how can we lay down our arms, while the Blond Beast is allowed to set us dancing and dreaming off our guard?

Metuchen, N. J., May 10 S.

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Literature

Recent Poetry

The Years Between. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
The New Day. By Scudder Middleton. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The Earth Turns South. By Clement Wood. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.
Poems About God. By John Crowe Ransom. New York: Henry Holt and Company.
Father Noah, and Other Fancies. By Geoffrey Whitworth. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.
Candles That Burn. By Aline Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Co.
Verses from Fen and Fell. By Thomas Thornely. Cambridge: The University Press.
Types of Pan. By Keith Preston. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

SOME five years ago we heard a distinguished American say of a rising young poet, "He seems to be the chief poetic figure in England, since Kipling died." That Mr. Kipling *non omnis mortuus est* a long awaited volume now testifies, but it would be idle to pretend that it exhibits either the unity, the originality, or the vitality of any of the earlier series from "Barrack-Room Ballads" to "The Five Nations." One turns first to the poems already familiar in war-time, and is grateful to have in permanent form the noble "For all we have and are" of 1914, and the swift and captivating song of "The Irish Guards"—perhaps most like the younger Kipling of all these later gleanings. Next, no doubt, to the notable tribute to France, written in 1913, with its strangely prophetic question, "What shall blood and iron loose that we cannot bind?" Beyond these the general reader will be glad to recognize "The Sons of Martha" and "The Female of the Species," yet surely on grounds quite other than poetic. It is the vice of critics, inherited from a long and dishonorable tradition—this questioning whether the value of a poem is specifically proper to poetry; as if it made any difference, so long as the work happens to be what everyone wishes to read. But in the case of Mr. Kipling harmless speculation of the sort, which cannot deprive him of a single reader, is almost inevitable. The more we reflect, the surer we become that his verse has attained its eminent place by methods extraordinarily disdainful, in the large, of the poetic art. For one thing, as Mr. William Archer long ago put it, this poet is a mighty journalist before the Lord: that is, he has never hesitated to treat of subjects essentially ephemeral, and to do so in the manner of one who writes *for the day*. His language is of the corresponding rough-and-ready type:

> They do not preach that their God will rouse them a
> little before the nuts work loose;
> They do not teach that his Pity allows them to leave
> their work when they damn well choose.

Still more significant is the *public-speaking* tone in which Mr. Kipling so frequently composes. John Stuart Mill used to say that oratory is heard, poetry only overheard; but it is impossible to think of Kipling's verse as merely overheard. Rather one fancies him declaiming, in strident tones and with something of Rooseveltian gesture, these addresses to the English-speaking world.

Akin to this is the straightforward didacticism—not merely didacticism (which has a noble place in English poetry, despite prevalent belief to the contrary), but a sometimes crass dogmatism, as of questions settled beyond peradventure which the world at large still counts difficult: witness the fierce outburst on behalf of Ulster against Rome, and other partisan verses which the present volume would from every standpoint be better without. But we need not say that all these things in no sense explain away the inherent force—alike of word, rhythm, and personality—which every book from this pen contains and communicates. Nor is it true that we fail to find, again and again, the fundamental imaginative soul of poetry determining the course and method of the verse. It appears, for example, in the address to France, depicting a reminiscent mood of England's whereby the past is called up with a repeated "Rememberest thou?" that suddenly vivifies the whole as if dramatized before the eye. A similar power is compressed into several of a remarkable group of Epitaphs, unlike, so far as we know, anything previously attempted by Mr. Kipling; some of them might be renderings from the Greek Anthology. Thus a Bridegroom speaks from his tomb:

> Call me not false, beloved,
> If, from thy scarce-known breast
> So little time removed,
> In other arms I rest.
>
> For this more ancient bride
> Whom coldly I embrace
> Was constant at my side
> Before I saw thy face.
>
> Our marriage, often set—
> By miracle delayed—
> At last is consummate,
> And cannot be unmade.

There is also a remarkable sketch of Shakespeare gathering the materials of his art ("The Craftsman"), oddly packed into a half dozen Sapphic stanzas—perhaps the most notable imaginative achievement of "the years between."

Mr. Scudder Middleton's promisingly modest collection first of all celebrates the end of the war:

> Life has come back into our hearts,
> To us who bound the brow of Death
> With too much laurel, and who praised
> Too much the going out of breath.

With both dignity and charm the sound attitude toward the moment is set forth:

> Not until we fight
> The battle of the mind will life be wise.

Besides these there are many themes, with almost everywhere a quiet accomplishment of truly lyric art. Mr. Middleton wins his words without signs of struggle, and seems to trust them to make their way by their own vitality, without the aid of the customary explosives. Of course they will not storm hostile walls, but they make their entrance to the desired haven. In evidence we take, from among a number of choices, these stanzas from a song called "The Bird," based on a happy reminiscence of Shakespeare:

> Let the homing caravans
> Bring their treasures to the sea—
> I have heard the deathless bird
> On the sole Arabian tree. . . .
>
> Let the little human band
> Go its way to love and death—
> I have found a certain thing
> In this melody of breath.
>
> I can never leave this bird!
> He is like the soul in me,
> Singing there between the stars
> And the tents of Araby.

In contrast with this volume, marked in every way by selective restraint, Mr. Clement Wood's more generous collection represents the bustle and stir, the inclusiveness and fluency, of a democratic Muse. Indeed we might say, without sauciness, that it could be viewed as a kind of cross-section of contemporary American magazine verse of the better sort. Some of the poems have already attracted attention when published separately—

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such as "I See America Marching," and the well-conceived verses on the Newark Centennial. Mr. Wood's interests are varied, his poetic feeling is quick and sound, his doctrine of romantic interest is widely appealing:

> The postman's casual whistle looses daily
> Innumerable fancies; each greeting of a friend
> Is only welcoming gaily
> Another soul on travel, who may lend
> Some of his clinging soul-dust to your own;
> The vague caress you squander on a kitten,
> The home-kiss—these unleash the self-same fire
> That lifted Beatrice heaven-higher,
> And bared a queen's breast, where an asp had bitten.

His free verse is fluent, wholesomely colloquial, and less sloppy than most. His conception of God incarnate in the New York business man and the shop-girl, of man as "flower of the dust" of a great spinning, forward-moving earth, and of love as a modernized and monogamous Aphrodite, is all very American and very much of our time—and we repeat that the tone in which we say this is not that of a sneer. These things are good things, and the more representative in that they lack distinction. Our only serious complaint is of such metaphors as "the shawl of the trees" covering "the nude brown limbs of earth," and perhaps even they have their uses. Incidentally, Mr. Wood has composed two or three Negro rag-time spirituals, of which at least one, "De Glory Road," is well worth possessing—and rendering. Heaven has not, of late, been more attractively portrayed than in this vision wherein

> Moses 'n Aaron an' Methusalum
> Dey shout an' dey holler an' dey beat de drum,

and King Solomon's thousand wives display an admirable freedom from race prejudice in the greetings given the newcomer.

Mr. John C. Ransom reviews his compositions, in a preface, objectively considering them as the works of a young ante-bellum poet, none of which, because of their honesty, he has the heart to suppress. One knows what a rag to the bull such a preface would have been in the days when *The Quarterly Review* was lying in wait for young poets, and we confess that it has given us a consciousness of how a Quarterly Reviewer felt. We seem to find ourselves (say) in Lockhart's seat, though without his memorably arid pen, writing somewhat as follows: Freed from the prejudices of friendship, we should not have been quite so tender to these poems as the writer of the preface. We should have excised without a qualm the malodorous narrative of the death of the hired man, despite its ingenious *grotesquerie*, together with some trivialities, some blasphemies, and a few poems where the author has the advantage of us in being presumably able to understand their purport. But (and here we drop the old reviewer's pen) we should pardon many things little to our liking for the sake of the delightful "Noonday Grace," a country-life study full of character and flavor, touched with ironic reflectiveness. Mr. Ransom experiments interestingly in the colloquial manner as studied by certain of his contemporaries, such as Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. James Stephen, and at his occasional best catches its characteristic charm, adding a whimsical moodiness of his own. As for the alleged subject of the volume, we are not certain of much beside the fact that the author wishes to make it plain that he yields to the Deity nothing of reverence or awe of a sort unbecoming to American youth. "Honesty" is one convenient word; "blasphemy" another. But why call names? Neither conventional attitudinizing reverence nor unconventional attitudinizing refusal of it furthers the chief poetic purposes.

God is also a character in Mr. Whitworth's little drama called "Father Noah." It may be viewed as a modern miracle-play—the scene set in the hold of the ark in the latter days of its voyage; and, whether intentionally or no, the writer has imitated the naïve, sometimes crude, dialogue and verse of the era of the miracles. Thus:

> I know not well how to begin, Father.
> Nevertheless,
> According to my promise and my obedience will I
> strive to make all things plain.

One may find an odd charm in this manner, even when the deeper content of the drama demands that it shall rise to something of the sublime:

> For now all is over;
> The lesson is learnt;
> And once again
> Time reaches out before the race of man—
> Man who is both the servant and the master;
> And his will lieth within the will of God
> Like seed in the hand of the sower.

It is a spiritually modernized Noah, however, with whom we have to deal—one who has come to question whether the human world is worth saving, and is stricken by the responsibility that seems to rest upon him to make the answer. Both the idea and its dramatic development are admirably conceived; they deserve, we think, an intensively finer execution.

Though Mrs. Kilmer says little about God, we should go to her, if we wished to learn of Him, rather than to either of the two poets just considered. Her divinity would have been gained by means of children and of sorrow—both notable doctors of theology. It would be idle to profess to be able to view her little book with complete objectivity or from a solely literary point of view; the personal human note is too clearly documented. Yet this is without any mawkish self-exploitation. One is reminded of Lee-Hamilton's sonnets on Mimma Bella, perceiving how sorrow for a lost child becomes a means of transition from personal to universal interests, and at the same time a teacher of lyric art. By no means all these poems of the hearthstone are memorable for the reader who is possessed of no special kinship with their theme; but in at least a few of them Mrs. Kilmer has attained a simple poignancy of distinctive impressiveness. Frequently she has caught, too, a rhythmic form inconspicuously but happily fitted to carry just the feeling demanded, with its controlled but quivering utterance; as in

> Candles that burn for a November birthday,

or

> Sometime it may be pleasing to remember,

or

> Little white moon of my heart.

Our two concluding volumes are in lighter vein, both containing the recreations of scholars. Mr. Thornely's emanates from Merton Hall, Cambridge, and at once carries us into the atmosphere, redolent of old books, old tobacco-smoke, and old upholstery, which we may sometime have inhaled through many far too swiftly passing nocturnal hours, in that place of happiest leisure in all the world—a don's rooms in an English college. The charming verses written "In an Ancient Library" themselves celebrate the spirit of such a place, bidding us

> Judge gently; check the indulgent smile;
> Mock not at quaint conceit or pedant style;
> But stay and ponder on the past awhile.
>
> Scorn not the stinted light it shed;
> The lips that at this long-dried fountain fed
> Have quivered passion-shaken as they read.

A well-nigh perfect example, this, of what one might call (by a hint from *vers de société*) *vers de l'école*. Still more ingenious, in both conceit and style, is the poem celebrating Aganella of Corcyra, who, according to a passage in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" may have been the inventor of the ball.

> On the meads of Asphodel a
> Pale but interested shade
> Mows the links where Aganella
> With the disembodied played.

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Nor can we fail to commend to the unhurried reader Mr. Thornely's gently blended ironic melancholy as he recalls his youthful faith in that strange illusion of scholars, the "Economic Man." Professor Preston's volume, on the other hand, is redolent of America and modernity, though Horace and other classic bards form the alleged source of a number of his lyrics. If there are still undergraduates who read verse in ancient languages, it would delight them to discover that Propertius celebrated "Pickford curls," Horace a Prussian lieutenant, and Martial a pacifist in the State Department. The most profoundly profitable of these verses is the allegory called "Shopping on Parnassus." Nouns, adjectives, and verbs were abundant; so were throes and thrills; but when the shopper asked to see the thoughts,

> They told me they were all out;
> There was no demand.

It is consoling to reflect, as we look back over this present record of some hours in the shops of Parnassus, that we have been more fortunate than Mr. Preston, even though the expedition has yielded no highly memorable treasure trove.

American Minds in Fiction

The Taker. By Daniel Carson Goodman. New York: Boni and Liveright.

The Haunted Bookshop. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Wolves. By Alden W. Welch. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Small Things. By Margaret Deland. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Day of Glory. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

WHAT is wrong with these novels? The authors all have the seeing eye and the feeling heart; they write more or less well; they can build a story. Since, then, they have both temperament and technique, why are their books either feeble or violent, why do they never for a moment convey the sense of life, why do they seem most trivial on their most earnest pages? Because behind these books there is lacking the schooled and critical intelligence. Now, the creative act, especially in prose fiction and in the realistic drama, must be preceded, within the given field of inevitable observation, by processes of selection and structural planning which are conditioned in the clarity and sureness of the creative mind. There is the "hidden ground of thought and of austerity" beneath the vestments of art. It is there that we must seek the causes for the comparative failure of so many American novelists. Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Fisher are not failures and they are sincerely convinced of their own intellectual integrity. But they confound tenacity to instinctive convictions with a critical vision of man and his world, and one need but remind them of a saying of Matthew Arnold's concerning the Puritans, who were so careful to live by the light they had and so careless of inquiring whether that light was not darkness.

Mr. Daniel Carson Goodman thinks he knows what is wrong with the American novel. He takes it to be its middle-class smugness, its false cheerfulness, its dreary evasion of vital problems. And he is right. But you cannot remedy this state of affairs by substituting a hard jauntiness, a shallow moodiness, an equally dreary insistence on small sex adventures. One may quite rationally prefer his kind of provinciality to some others. It is provinciality none the less. There is as little evidence here as elsewhere of a steady and vigilant mind. Mr. Goodman's story is very like that told in Theodore Dreiser's "The Genius." The chief character is an artist who drifts into business; he has a series of love affairs, all of which leave him dissatisfied, brooding, and seeking; he falls for a time prey to one of the schools of mystical balderdash that entice the weak of mind. Now "The Genius" itself is, as a whole, an incredibly faulty performance, packed with triviality and pointless verbiage. But it is also packed, throughout its enormous extent, with life and with men and women. The human appetites and miseries, say of them what you will, are at least there. Not so in Mr. Goodman's "The Taker." Leonard Vernon has not even, in any convincing way, the appetites with which he is credited. To have to take an author's word for the passions that disport themselves in his pages leaves a stale and bitter taste in the mouth. Mr. Goodman might have treated this shallow little cad, whose handsome face brings all women to his feet, with a large and illuminating irony. But for this his intellectual equipment did not suffice. The title of the book indicates just such an ironic intention, but the intention is nowhere carried out. The women in the story are better than the men; their characters have been far more clearly seen and felt. And, indeed, Mr. Goodman is far from being without talent. But that talent is intellectually crude and without inner maturity or firmness. A great poet and philosopher has written: "Free callest thou thyself? Thy ruling thought I would hear and not that thou hast escaped from under a yoke."

Mr. Christopher Morley has sound literary tastes of a somewhat drily bookish kind. One is forced to suspect that he keeps life and literature rather far apart. Books seem to be an occupation to him and at times a mild dissipation, never an experience of the soul. How else is it to be explained that, knowing what he does, loving what he does, he could have strung a group of his essays on a story-thread so common and meretricious and cheap? He has a passage on the war so liberal in thought and becoming in temper as to have struck a spark of fury from the daily press; he builds his absurd fable about a German chemist in Brooklyn—to whom, by the way, he gives an invariably Jewish name—who makes bombs in a cellar and is discovered at his fell occupation by a noble and gallant advertising agent. The latter, purveyor of nation-wide publicity for "Chapman's Cherished Chips," gains as his reward the hand of the lovely Titania Chapman, whom her millionaire father has apprenticed to Roger Mifflin, the bookseller, in order that she may know something of business. All this sheer nonsense is interspersed with the literary talk of Mifflin, which passes from Carlyle to Samuel Butler, from Stevenson to Conrad, and shows an intelligent consciousness of slightly more recondite figures. The talk is not very ripe or subtle, but it might have been taken as a promise of better things. What promise can one attach to Mr. Morley's future as a man of letters, now that he has shown himself capable of deliberately putting down the story of the egregious advertising man and the lovely Titania? Can one imagine the young Austin Dobson, also a bookish essayist, doing anything comparable? It is again a question of artistic, of intellectual integrity, of the wholeness, the oneness, the firmness of a mind. A wit and a scholar attempts fiction and sets down without any inner revulsion the factitious clap-trap current in magazines that shall be nameless. It is symptomatic and hence discouraging.

Mr. Alden W. Welch represents still another type characteristic of our civilization. The publisher informs us that Mr. Welch went into engineering work immediately upon his graduation from high school, and that "Wolves" is his first novel. In other words, Mr. Welch's mind, like that of many American men of science (especially applied science), is a mind without a cultural past. A genius might transcend the influence of a contemporary high school, even of a contemporary technical school. But we cannot reckon with genius. And Mr. Welch, conscious of an impulse toward expression, had no model except the respectable and expensive but none the less unmistakable penny-dreadfuls that are current among us. His chapter headings are terribly native to this world: "Business," "Opportunity," "Nerve," "Preparedness," "Punch," "Ambition," "Success." To get the full savor of these words as they occur in periodicals dedicated to efficiency and big business and as they are spoken at get-together luncheons and Y. M. C. A. rallies, is

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to feel all the spiritual emptiness and falseness amid which such minds exist. And Mr. Welch's mind is one which, exposed to other influences, would undoubtedly have produced something better than the harsh and empty rattle of this tale.

Mrs. Deland and Mrs. Fisher are, of course, in their own measure and on their own plane, unexceptionable literary artists. Their volumes of war stories and sketches betray on every page the finely skilled hand and the passionately dedicated mind. Dedicated to what? To the new Manichæism that has blasted our whole moral world. Mrs. Deland's "Small Things," completed some months ago, is largely a chronicle of atrocity stories—but it includes her brave and outspoken "Beads," which showed rare discrimination as to Paris in 1918. But she does not spare us the thrice-exploded story of the nationalization of Russian women, which she derives from an even more hectic account of the nationalization of German women. And it is pathetic to see this gentle, cultured, repressed mind drawn, despite itself, to these legends and miracles of war and strife. Mrs. Fisher is also a moral Manichee, but she prefers to dwell with the burning and unflecked whiteness of France. That is pleasanter and also, in any ultimate sense, truer. Love will always find some things that are true, while hatred sees nothing but the glare of its own hideous reflection. But "The Day of Glory" also shows a mind that is often uncritical and sees all things through the haze of a moral illusionism which is as ineffectual in art as it is in life. Thus what we need in American fiction is not first of all more art or finer art, but artists who will not so often "strangely misinterpret" what they hear, but who will always linger at the outer gates of the shrine to put on

> New hearts with the inquirer's holy robe
> And purged, considerate minds.

A Historian of Dogma

History of Religions, II: Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism. By George Foot Moore, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WERE a vote taken among scholars for the most learned man in America, it is probable that the name of George Foot Moore would be near the top. Everything he has produced bears the marks of a specialist's thoroughness, even when his field is as broad as that of all religions. Not relying on his own immense erudition alone, the author has taken the precaution to submit proof of this volume to several competent scholars; the result is a work as nearly immune to error in statement of fact as human fallibility can produce.

Professor Moore's treatment of religious history can perhaps best be placed by comparing him with some of his rivals. Reinach, though an accomplished scholar, wrote "Orpheus" as a propagandist; with the pen of Voltaire sharpened by the knife of modern science he endeavored to expose religion as the constant delusion that had, in his own definition, proved to be nothing but "an impediment to the free exercise of man's faculties." Jevons and Carpenter have written on the same subject as psychologists; Professor E. Washburn Hopkins as a historian. Professor Moore is above all things the theologian. This volume, at any rate, is primarily a history of dogma. He adds something on ecclesiastical politics, something, too, on institutions. He writes more and better on Paul and John than on Jesus; more on Origen and Calvin than on the mystics. The eminent skill and justice of his critical narrative are patent. One would have to search much larger books to find so excellent a statement of the eucharistic doctrine of the church. Sympathetic as Professor Moore has set himself to be, he is capable of an anatomical examination as cool and as scientific as is that of a surgeon. What passions have been excited by Calvin's doctrine that God arbitrarily saved and damned men for his own glory! Jonathan Edwards found the doctrine "delightful, exceeding bright, pleasant and sweet"; William James thought it "sovereignly irrational and mean"; Cole of Faversham said that it was "meeter for devils than for men"; Bolsec roared that it made the God of Calvin a perjurer, a liar, and a tyrant. But Professor Moore regards it merely as a biologist would regard the bones of an extinct specimen. This is the modern attitude; the philosopher of the future may see that the passions excited by any doctrine are as much a part of history as the doctrine itself.

Thus it is that in his treatment of Judaism and Christianity Professor Moore has almost left out of account the æsthetic and ethical aspects of religion. But are not the cathedrals as religious in spirit and fully as important as the *Summa* of Aquinas or the "Institutes" of Calvin? Is it not a glory of Christianity to have produced some of the loveliest works of art that the eye of man has looked upon? Much of the noblest music and of the most consummate poetry of Christendom owes its inspiration to the Bible. And some ethical estimate of the Judæo-Christian ideal might have been given. That hundreds of millions have found inspiration and comfort in the Scriptures; that they have been made privately wiser and better by contemplating the supreme beauty of that ideal; that they have found in religion that noble vulgarization of philosophy that guides and elevates their lives—all this is the best part of religion, but it is not a part of Professor Moore's book. It is true that an ethical survey of Christianity would not be wholly favorable; a hideous record of intolerance and superstition must be written on the debit side of the account, but neither is this so much as hinted at by our author.

Within the limits set himself Professor Moore is highly qualified not only by his learning but by his judicial temperament. He is not only impartial but, as the schoolboy said of his favorite teacher, "partial to all alike." Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant are exhibited at their best. Particularly fortunate are the attempts to rescue from undeserved obloquy or oblivion those men who, because they took a middle stand, fell under the anathemas of both the dominant parties of their time. It is splendid to see Erasmus, whom another scholar branded only the other day as "a John the Baptist and Judas in one," proclaimed for what he was, the preacher of a simple, humanitarian Christianity.

With fine insight, and with no undue emphasis, our author points out the task of the "advanced" Protestantism to which he himself belongs, a task he is helping to perform. It must, he says, find a theology, or philosophy of religion, capable of assimilating modern conceptions of the universe, and it must also produce a practical, "socialized," optimistic, and humane Christianity suitable to the current needs of the world.

The best section of this excellent work is that on Mohammedanism. It is written not only with sympathy, but with a positive glow, and it contains, what the other sections lack, an illuminating account of religious morals. Mohammed, who so often appears in other books as treacherous and sensual, if not as an impostor, is here depicted as an earnest seeker after God. It would be unreasonable, in the writer's opinion, to blame him for not reconstructing the whole of society; rather he should be praised for having accomplished notable reforms. The Mohammedan mystics are shown to have had all the hunger and thirst for God and righteousness and love that any Christian saint has experienced. The ideal set before the perfect Sufi was the wish to endure the torments of hell in order to free its inmates. The erotic paradise, which aroused the rage and perhaps the envy of some of Mohammed's Christian enemies, is here said to be regarded by the best Moslems as but a figurative setting forth of spiritual joys. On the other hand, the experience of Islam is not encouraging to the prohibitionist. Both the life and literature of the East are still drenched with wine.

In conclusion it may be said that Professor Moore has written the best book on this special field as he conceives it. But it is only fair to add that he has just missed the philosophic breadth and the poetic insight that might have transformed the ἀγώνισμα ἐς τὸ παραχρῆμα into the κτῆμα ἐς ἀεί.

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Books in Brief

IF reason, erected on the solid foundation of facts, could determine the nature of men's conduct and attitude toward those whom their prejudices have taught them to regard as enemies through the unnatural emphasis upon differences, then Mr. William Henry Moore's "The Clash: a Study in Nationalities" (Dutton), ought seriously to modify the attitude of the English-speaking Canadian toward the French-speaking Canadian. It is to the task of arguing away those prejudices which unthinking tribal partisanship breeds that Mr. Moore has addressed himself, and his humanity and the courage which inspires it are to be admired the more when we consider that he speaks as a member of the master-nationality in Canada. Carefully presenting the facts of the clash between the Protestant English-speaking and Catholic French-speaking Canadians, he shows that the ideas and conceptions which motivate the English majorities in their relations with the French minorities in the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba are based on a groundless apprehension of the supposedly malevolent designs of the Catholic Church, are in contradiction to the liberal policy which Great Britain has pursued toward her subject nationalities and the policy which the French majority in the province of Quebec has pursued toward the English minority residing there, and are actually opposed to the best interests of Canada. If the English-speaking Canadians, he argues, are more numerous and possess greater wealth and power than the French, the French are superior in the art of pioneering, in love and knowledge of the arts, the languages, and philosophy, and they have made more potent and lasting contributions in the realms of music, art, literature, and journalism; they are more faithful and industrious farmers; and they possess so keen a sense of nationality that to disregard their rights would be as impolitic and unjust as it was impolitic and unjust of the Germans, the Turks, and the Greeks to disregard the rights of the nationalities over which they ruled. "There are governments in Europe [Mr. Moore quotes from "The War and Democracy," edited by Alfred Zimmern and others] so foolish as to think that men and women deprived of their national institutions, humiliated in their deepest feelings and forced into an alien mould can make good citizens, trustworthy soldiers, or even obedient subjects."

IN these days when types have been debased to accommodate them to the rigid uniformity of the composing machine, and have therefore become lifeless and devoid of decorative quality, it is a pleasure to turn to the attractive pages of Frederick W. Goudy's monograph, "The Alphabet" (Kennerley). A conspicuous feature of the make-up of the volume, which is a thin quarto, notable for its typography and the especially excellent quality of the presswork, is the group of plates placed together at the end of the book. Each plate is devoted to a single letter and shows it in fifteen different forms, on a large scale, so that slight variations not readily distinguishable in types of the sizes commonly used become clearly apparent. The position of honor in the centre of each is given to a capital copied from the inscription on the base of the Trajan column in Rome, which was cut in A. D. 114. For the lettering of this inscription Mr. Goudy justly expresses great admiration, but the writer of this review does not agree with him in regarding it as offering the finest known examples of the Roman capitals, as he believes the ultimate refinement in these letters is to be found in an unpublished manuscript alphabet attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, drawn probably about 1480, which is now owned by Mr. C. L. Ricketts of Chicago. About the large Roman letters Mr. Goudy groups Gothic and "slanted pen" capitals and various type forms, including those of Jenson, Caslon, Bodoni, and Mr. Goudy's "Kennerley," in which the book is printed—all arranged so as to offer an instructive comparison of agreements and differences. Mr. Goudy's text is a short historical survey of the development of the alphabet and the adaptation of the letters to various uses. It does not pretend to be a comprehensive treatise—indeed there are some notable omissions, such as failure to mention the modified Roman alphabets of Geofroy Tory—but is rather an exposition of the personal views of the author, who has attained a deservedly high reputation as a designer of types and of book decorations. These views are sound and well expressed, and the volume reflects much credit upon all who have taken part in its production. It must be said, however, that the Kennerley type with which it is printed is not entirely successful. As a result chiefly of the curved form of the *t*, the placing of the dot of the *i* a little to the right, and the slant given to the usually horizontal member of the *e*, the effect in mass of a page set with it is slightly confusing to the eye, and it is difficult to scan it rapidly.

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International Relations Section

VOL. CIX TWO SECTIONS—SECTION II OF THE NATION—SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1919 NO. 2821

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The French Rhinelands: A Study in Conquest

By RAYMOND D. B. CAHALL

DURING the past six months, negotiations in Europe have offered much of interest to the student of history. In the multitude of claims, that of the Rhine frontier for France has been perhaps most suggestive. It was argued that a river frontier was more easily defensible than mountain passes or ridges of hills, and that the Rhine frontier would in addition push the points of possible attack farther away from Paris. The leading supporters of this view were Marshal Foch and General Gouraud. The former finally declared that the war would have been fought in vain unless France were given the Rhine as a boundary. Some exponents sought annexation of the whole left bank; others, the erection of a Rhine republic under French influence, according to a provision in the secret Treaty of London. They pressed the matter upon the Paris negotiators; upon President Wilson, who was several times reported to be combatting the demand. They won, in part. By the present terms of the treaty Germany retains political control of the left bank of the Rhine, but France places the tricolor on the Rhine for a possible fifteen years.

Until this decision was reached, considerable propaganda favoring the proposed annexation was operative. Frenchmen were reminded that Nature had given France as frontiers, the Rhine, the Alps, the Pyrenees, and the ocean, and that their forefathers had won and ruled the Rhinelands for twenty years, beginning a century and a quarter ago. Historical articles in the *Révue des Deux Mondes* described the achievements of that rule as generally successful, and depicted the Rhenish population as languishing for reunion with France. Even the independent *Petit Parisien* put forward proofs that the whole left bank of the Rhine was ethnologically French, and less barbarous than the rest of Prussia. Although instructed in this way, probably no large proportion of the French people favor annexing four or five million Germans.

The amazing thing about such propaganda is the revival of the doctrine of natural frontiers. It has been the most persistent of French political formulæ. It began in a legend based on the assumption that France was Gaul and was entitled to her ancient limits. In this form it was taught by many generations of geographers, bibliographers, historians, and publicists, and was employed by kings and statesmen to justify aggressions upon their neighbors. It became even more effective after the Monarchy was overthrown. It had a real and vitalizing influence upon revolutionary armies pressing victoriously into Germany and the Netherlands, and it decided revolutionary governments to claim the whole left bank of the Rhine, which had been overrun. Only one prophet arose at that time to predict the dangers into which enforcement of the doctrine might lead. "We could," wrote M. Carnot, "plant liberty trees on the banks of the Rhine, and reunite to France the whole ancient territory of the Gauls, but it is perhaps wise to renounce this policy, which would inaugurate for France an interminable warfare." The majority of the Convention had no such forebodings, and ignored the warning. "Interminable warfare" did indeed follow, but European recognition of the French claim to the left bank was secured eventually in the treaties of Bâle, Campo Formio, and Luneville.

The alleged right of modern France to the boundaries of ancient Gaul provided moral argument for turning over nearly a million Germans to the conquerors. In fact the French so far imposed the formula upon their contemporaries that Germans felt apologetic when they insisted, after the War of Liberation, that the Rhinelands should become a part of Germany. So apologetic were they, that Arndt thought it worth while to write a pamphlet entitled "The Rhine, a German River but not a French Frontier." As the years passed, the French appear to have accepted this view more and more unreservedly, but in the moment of victory many have been tempted to offer again the old doctrine of natural frontiers as an argument for a permanent hold on the Rhine.

To one who has been through the documents, a more astounding thing is the French picture of their former experience in ruling the Rhinelands. The student of that period sees little which should encourage the French to attempt a repetition of that experiment. Indeed, he is im-

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pressed with the futility of a nation's attempt to absorb a people of quite different culture. Although dealing with a people still unawakened by German patriotism, the French found eighteenth century Rhinelanders so different, so attached to their own customs and religion, that it took many years to overcome their resistence.

The revolutionists started with many things in their favor. The overthrow of feudal conditions and class privileges had been hailed by German liberals as the dawning of a new era, the greatest epoch since the fall of the Roman Empire, and the complement of the Reformation. Their enthusiasm was shared by many Rhinelanders. This became more outspoken when the revolutionary Government promised assistance to all peoples against their rulers. Following the propaganda, the French armies swept into the Rhinelands under pretext of driving back the invading armies of *émigrés*, Austrians, and Prussians. "Frenchmen are fighting for liberty," proclaimed General Custine, as he summoned the city of Spires to surrender. "They offer peace to the people and a dagger to their oppressors." Spires and Worms fell easy conquests. Mainz opened its gates. "The cities are taken without striking a blow," wrote Gouverneur Morris, "and the Declaration of the Rights of Man produces the effect of the trumpets of Joshua."

Never was military occupation more happily begun nor conquering soldiers more tactful or insinuating in professions of friendship. Never did orators work harder to win over the people; yet the vast majority in town and countryside remained untouched by the ideas of the French Revolution, and showed no desire to abolish the old governments. Those of Köln and Trier had been distinctly popular under their last electors, the able son of Maria Theresa, and Clement Winceslas. The government of Mainz was in less favor, chiefly because of the rapacity and arrogance of the French *émigrés* whom the Elector had sheltered, and the military contributions demanded by the Austrians on their way into France. For this reason it was less difficult for Rhenish republicans supported by French arms to set up a new government in Mainz. Many Rhenish princes, as vassals of the German Empire, had been forced to join Austria and Prussia in their attempt to crush the revolution. When the French prevailed, Rhenish troops and rulers retreated with the Prussian and Austrian armies, leaving a clear field to the exponents of the new order. Nevertheless, the new order made little progress, and was everywhere met with passive resistance. The patriot Georg Forster was sadly distressed when only two hundred and fifty people in Mainz took the oath to liberty and equality. Other cities were even more apathetic, and the refusal of the people of Aachen to change their Constitution is typical of the general attitude toward political innovations.

In spite of this opposition a few Rhenish republicans met in Mainz for the purpose of forming a republic of all lands on the left bank. Conscious of the lack of popular support and of the determination of Prussia and Austria to prevent their secession from the Empire, the delegates voted to incorporate the new confederation with France. Georg Forster and Adam Lux were sent to Paris to negotiate the annexation, but the defeat of the French at this time doomed their project to failure. Although the French were victorious the next year and once more occupied the Rhinelands, they established no permanent administration for three years. During this time they sought chiefly to provide their armies with supplies. They became increasingly unpopular. A host of adventurers, agents, officials, intent only upon exploiting the conquered states, aroused most violent complaints. Revolutionary tribunals were erected to keep down ebullitions of discontent. The people grew furious as they saw rare books and works of art—even to the porphyry columns of the Octagon Church of Charlemagne—transported to Paris. Rhinelanders refused to serve longer in the municipal governments. Even after arbitrary requisitions, contributions, and spoliation were declared abolished by the Directory, the drain upon the already exhausted resources of the Rhenish cities was well-nigh intolerable.

Meanwhile, Rhenish officials were ordered to take the oath to the French Republic. They quite generally refused, and many memorials of protest poured in upon General Augereau. To conciliate the hostile forces raised by the action of the military, the Directory appointed an Alsatian, Joseph-Francisque Rudler by name, who was instructed to prepare the people for union with France, and introduce the reforms of the French Revolution. A few of the people received him enthusiastically, planted liberty trees, rang church bells, and illuminated their houses, but the majority received with bitterness his proclamation of union under the French tricolor, which came just at the time when men were forfeiting their livelihood for refusal to swear allegiance to the French Republic. Bitter attacks were posted upon the doors of the churches. Some of the inhabitants who lighted up their windows were stoned, and Rudler's proclamation was torn down in the open market place. It required the presence of French soldiers to prevent persons wearing the tricolor cockade from being assaulted. Most of the city officials in Bonn, and the professors of the University, refused to take the oath; and Rudler left the city in a rage, declaring it unworthy to be the seat of his administration.

From December, 1797, until March 1799, Commissioner Rudler gave the Rhinelanders the reforms of the French Revolution in rapid succession. These reforms were introduced far too rapidly. The greatest confusion ensued because of a simultaneous shifting of property rights, business conditions, religious practices, and educational methods. Perhaps the abolition of the Christian calendar, with its Sundays and saints days, the prohibition of Corpus Christi and other ceremonials, and the suppression of religious houses did most to antagonize the masses. Says a contemporary: "The Republican calendar awoke more enemies among the peasants than did the pressure of taxes. The farmer looked upon the French innovator as something devilish, trying to wean good Catholics from their religion. He hated the innovator quite as much as the conqueror." The intellectuals seem to have been more affected by the attempt to stamp out their Rhenish culture. "It is necessary for Rhinelanders to forget completely their own customs and to transform themselves into Frenchmen," it was announced in 1802; but as late as 1812, French prefects complained of the failure of this policy.

In short, after seven years of contact the conquerors were further from the hearts of the Rhinelanders than they were in 1793. The benefits which the French thought to give them were unappreciated. "Republicanism," says a noted historian, "faded out in the presence of French passports, taxes, and prisons. The Republican services each tenth day resolved themselves into some speeches recited precipitately in a low voice before a handful of officials." Sometimes there was not even a handful of officials. "Aix-

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la-Chapelle and Coblenz," wrote General Shee in 1800, "have not even a municipality, Trier and Mainz have very bad ones, and as in several communities there is no one willing to discharge a public office, our enemies rejoice at the general laxity of government."

During Napoleon's time, from 1802 to 1813, the Rhinelanders began to show less opposition to French rule; still French efforts to bind the conquered to France were in part frustrated by the ever-increasing burden of taxation and the increasing toll of life which the "interminable warfare" of the Emperor demanded. When the appalling Russian catastrophe was realized, a wave of indignation circulated from the small coterie of French critics about Görres, but nothing more happened. The draft of 1813 swept new contingents into the vortex of war, without open revolt in the Rhinelands. Yet the defeat of Napoleon and the retreat into France came as a relief to them, even though it was followed by the passage of pursuing armies across their fields. Stein, whose function was the organization of the liberated country, wrote that the Rhinelanders contributed to the German cause without trouble. "The execution of these arrangements on the left bank and in Belgium," he wrote, "was free from difficulty on account of the detestation which the inhabitants felt for the French; these territories were accordingly turned to the profit of the Allies." When the Waterloo campaign opened, the Rhenish conscripts served without protest against their recent masters, and the Rhinelands became once more a part of Germany. Their sacrifices for Napoleon were too fresh in their minds to permit regret, but on the other hand their separation from German affairs for twenty years rendered impossible the enthusiasm and patriotism which actuated the Prussians in freeing Germany from the invader.

When peace finally came to Europe in 1815 the Rhinelands were divided among Prussia, Hesse-Darmstadt, and Bavaria. The new rulers had the tact to leave them in possession of the liberal institutions they had become accustomed to under French rule. Although divided, they welcomed the new régime without regret. Subsequently the stiffness and austerity of Prussian official rule alienated many of the pleasure-loving Rhinelanders, but in the course of time the unprecedented prosperity of the new Germany quite won their hearts. They became loyal supporters of Imperial Germany, with statues of William II, Bismarck, and Moltke everywhere—even while under the Prussian yoke. That régime has fallen, but German unity and nationality survive. The Rhinelanders may expect a liberty and equality never before experienced. As a separate republic in a confederated German Republic, the left bank may play a part similar to the State of New York in our Union. It would be fully as important, because forty or fifty per cent. of the commerce of Germany is along the Rhine, and the center of mining and manufacturing has shifted to this neighborhood.

With such a prospect in view it is hardly conceivable that they would ever willingly surrender their new-found independence, their economic freedom, their German ties and civilization, to become once more a part of France. These facts have undoubtedly been considered by French statesmen, who have rejected the counsels of the Rhine frontier exponents and have followed with rare sanity the advice of M. Carnot delivered over a century ago: "We might reunite to France the whole ancient territory of the Gauls, but it is perhaps wise to renounce this policy, which would inaugurate for France an interminable warfare."

Presidential Treaty-Making*

SOME six months before the United States entered the European war there reached this country from Tokio a report which startled those versed in the affairs of the Orient. It was to the effect that, because certain of the South Sea Islands wrested from Germany by England and Japan lie dangerously close to the American island of Guam, the United States had "expressed a desire" that those particular islands should not become "the permanent property of Japan." The United States had first taken up the question with Great Britain, and the two nations had then made "a joint suggestion" that Japan should not insist on retaining the islands as her own after the war.

There followed the announcement of the return which Japan was to receive for making the desired concession. In the light of what has transpired at the Peace Conference it becomes doubly significant.

"In view of Japan's promise to accede to the request," so runs the Associated Press dispatch, "it is believed likely that Japan at the Peace Conference will seek compensation in some other direction, perhaps in the affirmation of her rights in the Chinese peninsula of Shantung."

That report was never confirmed by the State Department. But as Mr. Root, formerly head of that Department, remarked only a few days ago, "There are always two or more parties to a diplomatic negotiation, and either party has the right to make the document public."

In the above case there may have been no document, in any formal sense. But that there was a very clear understanding among the three nations concerned, it would be hard to doubt. For the link connecting those rumored negotiations of the fall of 1916, and the Oriental settlement decided upon by the Peace Conference of 1919 has been furnished by the State Department itself. It consists of a document which both is and is not a treaty. The President had it executed without asking the advice or securing the consent of the Senate; and to that extent it was no treaty. Yet Japan appeared to regard it as a treaty—in fact, as one of the best treaties she had ever made.

And little wonder. For the "note" written by Mr. Lansing to Baron Ishii on the second day of November, 1917, completely reversed the traditional Oriental policy of the United States, a policy as old as our treaty with China of seventy years ago. Insistence on that policy in the face of the opposition of other Powers had constituted one of the signal and distinctively American achievements of our diplomacy. Yet the Lansing "note," by admitting that "the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interests in China, particularly in the part to which her possessions are contiguous," made exactly the kind of concession which this country for the past twenty years had been refusing to make or to countenance.

It is clear to anyone that that treaty—for such in effect it was—constituted a reversion to the type of the old diplomacy, which was being challenged at that very time by hundreds of thousands of Americans on the battlefield; or so, at least, they honestly believed. In substance it

*As the writer of this article is an expert in international law in the service of the Government, his name may not be given.—Ed. *The Nation.*

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aligned us with all those old-world powers in whose treaties concerning China the term "special interest"—now making its first appearance in American diplomatic parlance—had occurred *ad nauseam*. In form it hailed us back to the days when sovereigns alone made treaties, unquestioned by people or parliament. By our example we had led most of the nations of the world to grant to their legislatures the privilege of ratifying at least the most important treaties. Now we were in practice abandoning that system and reverting to a personal and private diplomacy.

The effects of that abandonment are today becoming plain to the least astute. But even on the appearance of the Japanese agreement a year and a half ago, a clear-eyed observer, writing in a western magazine, prophesied that—

> The far-reaching effects of the Ishii-Lansing note will not be apparent until the end of the war in Europe. Then it may be seen that while fighting in Europe for the rights of small nations, and to make the world safe for democracy, we have for the sake of present security in the Pacific, foresworn the policy which has protected the rights of China, and have removed the last safeguard against the disintegration of the most populous republic on earth.

The spirit of frank coöperation with which Washington met the Senate when dealing with foreign affairs has long since degenerated into the merest semblance of coöperation. The tradition itself was shattered during the Cleveland and McKinley administrations, when the sharp note to Venezuela and the Spanish war marked the launching of the nation upon the waters of *Weltpolitik*. It was in the days when the word "imperialism" was first heard in the land, that not merely the President, but all who were in favor of a "strong" foreign policy, became impatient of the Senate's joint control. "If we are to enter the field as a 'world power' "—so ran an article typical of the trend at the time —"we must be able to negotiate in secret, and to determine and conclude treaties before the public is aware of their terms." And the writer complained that it was impossible "to contemplate colonial expansion under our present system without a revolutionary strengthening of the Executive." Undoubtedly he was right. It was impossible. The constitutional arrangement in question had been devised with a view, among other things, to making it impossible. Thus Bryce, in the days before he was a viscount or we a "world power," wrote:

> Nor is it the least of the merits of the system of Senatorial control that it has tended, by discouraging the Executive from schemes which may prove resultless, to diminish the taste for foreign enterprises, and save the country from being entangled with alliances, protectorates, responsibilities of all sorts beyond its own frontiers. . . . They need no alliances, standing unassailable in their own hemisphere.

The taste for foreign enterprises, however, proved stronger than the government system designed to discourage it. When the United States engaged in an adventure which took it far outside its own hemisphere—to the Philippines, close to the shores of Asia—it was inevitable that the Executive should at the same time begin to overstep the limitations on his treaty-making power. The Spanish war in effect terminated, and a territorial readjustment was agreed to, in a treaty *concluded by the Executive without the Senate's sanction*, on August 12, 1898.

In form that document was merely an armistice, and, as such, an apparently legitimate exercise of the President's functions as Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces. But it did more than end hostilities. It did more than give the United States military guarantees that such peace terms as this country might decide upon would be agreed to. It did more than provide that Spain should evacuate certain of her territories. It provided that she should *cede* them to the United States. And among the territories thus to be ceded were some in no way connected with the expressed intentions of Congress in declaring war: "the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and also an island in the Ladrones to be selected by the United States."

The representatives of the Spanish Crown had no more authority to cede territory without the consent of the Cortes than the Executive of the United States had to acquire territory without the consent of the Senate. Resort was therefore had to what a French authority on international law has called *"un biais ingénieux"* (a clever dodge), whereby the United States virtually received the benefits of a treaty, yet the rights of the legislatures on both sides were "theoretically reserved." The treaty was not called a treaty; it was called a "protocol." A formal treaty, it was understood, was later to be concluded and submitted to both legislatures for their approval. No one, however, was deceived as to the reality of the situation. The "protocol" was the real treaty, from which there could be no stepping back; the so-called "treaty of peace," merely an amplification and extension of its terms. Since that time several such contracts have been entered into by the Executive without saying "by-your-leave" to the Senate.

But it must be understood that executive agreements constitute a recognizable class of international arrangements, distinct from treaties. To call a treaty an executive agreement does not make it one. To call an executive agreement a treaty does not make it one. For example, there is a section of the Revised Statutes of the United States which contains the remarkable statement that the Postmaster General, "by and with the advice and consent of the President, may negotiate and conclude postal treaties and conventions." The constitutionality of the provision has never been seriously questioned; for it is generally understood that the word "treaties," as here used, does not mean treaties, but was inserted merely to add to the dignity and rotundity of the phrasing.

The reverse psychology applies to those international compacts which are in reality treaties, but are labelled "conventions" or "protocols," in order that the Senate may not become unduly interested. A treaty by any other name is quite as binding, if not in municipal law, certainly in international reality. This is well recognized today by nations having dealings with the United States. It is a full century since a British ambassador, in negotiating the treaty for the limitation of armaments on the Great Lakes, felt it necessary to remind an American President that the Senate must have the final word in the matter. More recently foreign governments have, on a number of important occasions, shown themselves well content with the signature of the President's adviser on foreign affairs, and have not demanded the legislative endorsement.

It has been in our relations with the Orient that the tendency toward presidential treaty-making has become most marked. Perhaps that is because the Orient is the traditional abiding place of secrecy and indirection; in dealing with which the open, democratic system provided for by our Constitution might by some be deemed out of place. And it must be conceded that the first treaty respecting

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Oriental affairs to go through without senatorial sanction—the "Open Door Agreements" of 1899-1900—is regarded by many as constituting a greater triumph for American diplomacy than any of the large number of treaties which have been hallmarked with the Senate's approval. For those brilliant documents, drawn up by our Secretary of State, seized upon that obnoxious term "spheres of influence" which had become so dangerous a disturber of the peace of the Orient, marched it off between sardonic quotation marks, like a prisoner to his cell, and rendered it internationally harmless.

It may have been the brilliance of Mr. Hay's statesmanship in extracting unwilling pledges from nations such as Russia and Japan, that blinded the Senate to its mistake in not demanding a voice in the matter. Or, perhaps, to the senatorial eye, the "letters" did not look like a treaty, although they later looked very much like one to the government's official compiler of the two volumes of United States treaties. The following year, however, a treaty which was unmistakeably a treaty—a treaty of peace—was permitted to become effective without running the senatorial gauntlet. The "peace protocol" between China and the Powers put an end to the Boxer War, and became another important link in the chain of our Oriental relations. Yet the Senate appeared hardly to notice, certainly not to resent, the fact that it had no voice in the treaty's ratification.

It was not until the San Domingo affair in 1905 that the Senate became fully roused to the extent to which it was being deprived of its treaty-making powers. By the "agreement" of January 20 of that year the President had pledged this country to take over the administration of the customs houses of the unstable Dominican Republic, and to distribute a considerable proportion of the net receipts among that nation's creditors—some of whom were citizens and corporations of the United States. The Secretary of State later insisted that it had from the first been the executive intention, before embarking on so novel and precarious a policy, to submit the matter for the Senate's approval. There were, however, a number of evidences to the contrary. When, therefore, the President on second thought decided to defer to the Senate after all, that body expressed its resentment by permitting the session to close without acting on the draft laid before it. Indeed the Senators went further. Carrying the war into the President's country, they refused to ratify the arbitration treaties which he was at that time urging upon them, unless these were so amended that the subject matter of each particular dispute to be arbitrated should be defined, not by mere executive "agreement," as the President wished, but by a "treaty" to be ratified by the Senate.

Shortly before Mr. Roosevelt left office, however, he fired a parting shot which, as subsequent events have made clear, was highly damaging to the Senate's authority in the matter of treaty-making. It was damaging in other respects, as well. On November 30, 1908, there took place at Washington an "exchange of identical notes" between Mr. Root, then Secretary of State, and Baron Takahira, the Japanese Ambassador. "Exchanges of notes" were part of the "open door" tradition. Mr. Root's letter, however, unlike those of Mr. Hay, was not directed to all the Powers, but to one; and it specifically provided for communication with that one power "as to what measures they may consider it useful to take" in case of "any event threatening the *status quo*" in the Pacific.

The Root-Takahira notes—so declared at the time Professor Simeon E. Baldwin, formerly Chief Justice of Connecticut and a leading authority on constitutional law—"assume to define the permanent aim of the two nations in regard to matters of the first importance. There can be no doubt that statements in that respect would find an appropriate place in a treaty." The weight which the two governments directly concerned attached to those statements is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the notes were, before being executed, communicated in substance to certain other nations for their information and approval—it may be, for their advice and consent. Only the Senate of the United States was given no voice in deciding whether or not this first fateful step away from America's traditional policy of "no entangling alliances" should be permitted. To quote again from Professor Baldwin,—

"'Was Washington's advice,' many have recently asked, 'to be neglected in framing international agreements not denominated treaties, and to which the consent of the Senate was not to be asked? And would this instance of establishing special relations with an Asiatic Power in respect to its attitude and that of the United States toward a third Asiatic Power by mere executive act, if allowed to pass unchallenged, lead to the settlement of more important questions in a similar manner?'" The answer is to be found in the Lansing-Ishii "agreement"—a treaty concluded singlehanded, not by a temperamental and impetuous believer in the virtues of personal government and the big stick, but by an eloquent exponent of the new democracy, of "open covenants openly arrived at." Yet none must accuse the present Executive of inconsistency. If one takes note of his utterances, not of two or three, but of thirty years ago and more, one gets a glimpse of a larger and unsuspected unity. When still but a young student of politics in the abstract, he characterized the ideal president's attitude toward the Senate by comparing it to the relation between business man and auditor.

"I do not consult the auditor who scrutinizes my accounts," he then wrote in his volume on Congressional government, "when I submit to him my books, my vouchers, and a written report of the business I have negotiated. I do not ask his advice and seek his consent; I simply ask his endorsement or invite his condemnation. I do not sue for his coöperation, but challenge his criticism. And the analogy between my relations with the auditor and the relations of the President with the Senate is by no means remote."

His exposition of the means whereby the inconvenient "auditor" may be outwitted, set down with the engaging frankness of youth, was destined to become prophetic. The method consists—so wrote the future member of the most powerful triumvirate in the world's history—of the President's "initiative in negotiation, which affords him a chance to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world to certain courses of action, that the Senate hesitates to bring about the appearance of dishonor which would follow its refusal to ratify the rash promises or to support the indiscreet threats of the Department of State."

At the time those lines were written that other method of disposing of the "auditor"—walking straight past him with a manner neither defiant nor furtive, but casual and, as it were, absent-minded—had not yet been perfected. If it had been, who can doubt that this political *enfant terrible* would have given the game away, and the whole future course of our history have been changed?

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Documents

Chicherin to the German People

M. CHICHERIN, People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs of the Russian Soviet Government, has addressed to the German people the following manifesto, which appeared in the *Berner Tagwacht.*

In this terrible hour, in which the German people are passing through cruel experiences under the blows of a victorious imperialism, the revolutionary workers and peasants of Russia send them their fraternal greetings and expressions of sympathy and of workers' solidarity. The imperialism of the Entente has defeated its enemy, and is now celebrating its feast of victory, which will not, however, as we know, last very long. Recognizing no restraint, devoid of shame, it exposes the bandit nature of the present imperialism, which knows nothing but profit, force and robbery. "Woe to the Vanquished," it cries out, drunk with victory, and with the animal lust of the primitive savage, knowing no other object than to wound as cruelly as possible the vanquished people which has just been its opponent, to exploit them as completely as possible, and to transform them into eternal captives and slaves. Unparalleled robbery, unparalleled servitude. Such is the meaning of the treaty of peace which is shamelessly forced upon them by the Entente countries. A downright crime, that is the nature of the so-called treaty, which the exhausted nation is forced to sign. Territories with unquestionably German population are torn from them; their most precious natural resources are taken away. They are compelled to pay such a monstrous contribution, that even if the whole German people should labor day and night exclusively in order to satisfy its conquerors, it would not be capable of disposing of this burden. It is being so thoroughly disarmed, that the victors may at any time penetrate into the interior of the country in order to inflict upon it the final blows. Continuously there will be hanging over it the Damocles sword of destruction. Under cover of guarantees and controls, the victor, the new slave driver, will follow every motion of his captives and slaves. Unbearable is the situation which is created for the German working people, and its misery would have no bounds if there were not a certainty that the dream of the victors, who have lost all reason, will last but a short time, and that the barbarous governments of imperialistic violation are passing through their last days. The revolutionary workers and peasants of Russia have passed through similar tribulations. They also know what the merciless triumph of a victor means, when he holds his vanquished victim in his sharp claws.

The revolutionary workers and peasants of Russia have placed all their hopes in the general workers' revolution, approaching with giant strides, and in the revolutionary solidarity of the workers of the whole world, whose hour of triumph and of victory will strike in the near future. In the days of trial, the revolutionary forces have been steeled. Surrounded on all sides by relentless imperialistic and counter-revolutionary elements, they have forged the mighty weapon of the Red Army. The hour is yet far from final victory over an imperialistic enemy. They are still waging a serious battle against the hosts of imperialism, and against the counter-revolutionary bands which have penetrated into our territory. But they know very well that they are progressing step by step through this conflict to victory. For the workers and peasants of Germany also, their present sufferings are only a transitory trial which must increase ten-fold their forces and their love of battle. Know that your sufferings are felt in a brotherly way by the working masses of Russia, who are united with you in a workers' solidarity. The boundless shamelessness and brutality of the victor, forgetful of all reason, are in themselves sufficient proof for us that the world of robbers and violators is on the eve of its final destruction. In all the Entente countries, whose mighty rulers are plundering the defeated German people of their all, the working masses will obtain nothing more than a new sharpening of their servitude and new and heavier chains. But in those countries also, the eyes of the proletarians will open, and with every victory the revolutionary movement will boil and bubble more and more powerfully. And thus, in the ceaselessly growing world revolution of the working masses, in the fraternal solidarity of the workers of all lands, and in the international union of revolutionary Soviet republics, lies the pledge of their approaching liberation from the heavy chains of the dictators, as well as also the pledge of the liberation of the workers of all lands from the capitalist system, which makes such acts of robbery possible.

A Siberian Protest Against Intervention

THE following proclamation, issued by the farmers and workmen volunteers of the province of Primorsk, Siberia, was brought from that country by an official in the service of one of the Allied governments.

Shikotovo, Siberia

We, farmers who aim to effect the Revolution of Farmers and Workmen, issue the following proclamation:

We do not recognize any Allied command, because the Japanese, English, Italian, and American Governments are endeavoring to bring pressure against the great Russian Revolution, which marks the beginning of liberty for the working classes of the whole world. Profiting by the state of chaos in Russia, the allied countries, with false promises of not interfering in the internal affairs of the country, have invaded Siberia with troops. In reality they desire only to satisfy their ambitions and to seize the railways, mines, and riches of Siberia. The capitalists are temporarily in power, thanks to the Allied forces and the capitalists, and have begun the extermination of the workmen and the farmers. It is in vain that these foreigners seize railways and the wealth of Siberia, in conjunction with the so-called government of Omsk, because the workmen and farmers do not recognize it.

According to your proclamation, you are placing troops here for the purpose of maintaining order, but on behalf of the workmen and farmers we ask you the following questions:

(1) Who has asked you to reëstablish order in our country?

(2) Who has given you the right to do it?

(3) How is it that the Allied troops take upon themselves the task of maintaining order in our country?

(4) Is it for the purpose of maintaining order that they establish themselves through Siberia, lending a strong hand to the Kolchak troops, knocking down peaceable people, and shooting them? Perhaps you excuse the burning of villages in the maritime provinces by Japanese troops by saying it is for the purpose of maintaining order.

The workmen and peasants of Russia who have a real Soviet Government, have been neither injured nor humiliated as these have been by your troops and those of Kolchak. It is no longer only Bolsheviki and the Red Guard who oppose you; it is also the farmers and workmen. You ask us to give you full control of the Souchan railway and the main Siberian line, in order to be able to move freely your troops and Kolchak troops, who wish to wipe us out. This is not only childish, but insolent. Orders should come from us, and not from you. We demand that you evacuate our territory, and go back whence you came. If you will not submit to this order, we will not give you one inch of the railway we have built with our very blood.

We declare war on you to the death. Remember that in this we are not alone, but the working classes of the whole world are with us. No matter how great our sacrifices may be, victory finally remains in our hands. We accept your challenge to engage in battle. Our aim is not only Shikotovo, but also, as you

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may know, Vladivostock, which is your main base of operations. Just as the Allied troops have left Odessa and Archangel, so you will be forced to leave Vladivostock. Until that time we will never lay down our arms.

[*Signed by*] SCHEVCHENKO

Commander-in-chief of the Army of Volunteers of Farmers and Workmen of the Province of Priamur, in the name of the Federal Soviet Republic of all Russia.

Alienation of the German Tyrol

THE following protest against the action of the Peace Conference in granting German sections of the Tyrol to Italy, appeared in *The Times* (London), of June 30.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:

SIR: As warm and lifelong friends of Italy, and most of us intimately acquainted with Tyrol, we desire to express our earnest hope that in reconsidering the terms of the Treaty of Peace to be made with Austria, the Allied and Associated Powers will withdraw or modify that stipulation which, according to the official summary, cedes to Italy a large region of Central Tyrol lying between Botzen and the Brenner Pass and comprising the Vintschgau and the western part of the Pusterthal, districts inhabited by a population Teutonic in race and speech, which has never been under any Italian sovereign.

If it be pleaded that this frontier is needed for the defence of Italy, the answer is that the Italian Government in the demand it made upon Austria in 1915 asked only for a frontier at the gorge of the Eisach river at Klausen, which is by far the strongest defensive position on the line of the Brenner road and railway, and a long way to the south of the Brenner Pass. A frontier at Klausen would be amply sufficient for the defence of Italy—not to add that in 1915 Austria-Hungary was a powerful Empire, while Austria is now a petty State of only six millions.

To hand over this population of more than 200,000 Tyrolese to an alien rule in defiance of the protest and appeal of the Assembly of Tyrol made in February last would be a flagrant disregard of those principles of nationality and self-determination which were included in the Fourteen Points and proclaimed by the Powers, and in virtue of which the Trentino has been rightly assigned to Italy. It would substitute for an *Italia Irredenta* an Unredeemed Tyrol, and would be sure to give rise to future troubles. The League of Nations will be gravely prejudiced at the outset if the Treaty of Peace creates new injustices which it will be called upon to redress.

We are, Sir, yours faithfully,

ERNEST BARKER
CYRIL BAILEY
G. F. BROWNE
BRYCE
J. ESTLIN CARPENTER
MARTIN CONWAY
DOUGLAS W. FRESHFIELD
HENRY GOUDY
L. P. JACKS
A. D. LINDSAY
WALTER LOCK
GILBERT MURRAY
LANCELOT R. PHELPS
PHILLIMORE
G. W. PROTHERO
FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND

The Dutch-Belgian Frontier

THE following appears in the *Review of the Foreign Press*, issued by the British General Staff:

On June 6 the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Dr. Van Karnebeek, made the following statement in both Chambers of the States General regarding the negotiations at the Conference of Ministers for Foreign Affairs at Paris in connection with the question of the revision of the Treaties of 1839:

The first sittings took place on May 19 and 20. At the close the Belgian Ministers proposed that the following questions should be examined: (1) Can the line of the Meuse, which is Belgium's first line of defence, be adequately defended and held under the territorial conditions created by the Treaties of 1839, which specifically brought under Dutch rule the town of Maastricht (*Mosae Trajectum*), for ages the gate of invasion of the Germanic race in Western Europe? (2) Can the line of the Scheldt, naturally a strong line and Belgium's chief line of defence, be adequately defended without Belgium being able to rest her defence on the entire course of the river?

The Belgian desiderata, as set forth by M. Hymans, were in substance, as follows:

(1) With regard to the West Scheldt and the questions connected therewith: (a) The unrestricted control over the outlet to the sea along the Scheldt, that is to say, the rights of sovereignty over the whole course of the West Scheldt between the sea dykes and as far as the open sea, as also over all waters belonging to the West Scheldt, as well as over the canal and railway from Ghent to Terneuzen and over the outlet from the canal to the West Scheldt; (b) The recognition by the Netherlands of the necessity of establishing Belgium, for the defence of her territory, on the Lower Scheldt over its whole course, and of her right to make use of this river with complete freedom and at all times for her defence, which involves the waiving by Holland of any military dispositions which would interfere with the exercise of this right by Belgium; (c) The control by Belgium of the locks which serve for the flow of the waters in Flanders; (d) The redress of the grievances of the Belgian fishermen of Bouchaute.

(2) With regard to the waters connecting the West Scheldt and the lower Rhine, especially with respect to the construction at joint expense of a ship canal from Antwerp to Moerdijk as a substitute for the waterways provided for in the Treaty of 1839.

(3) With regard to Dutch Limburg: (a) The establishment in South Limburg of a system of administration which would safeguard Belgium against the dangers to her security arising from the configuration of this region and which would afford Belgium guarantees for her economic interests, which are prejudicially affected by the provisions of the Treaties of 1839 concerning territory and territorial waters; (b) A ship canal from the Rhine to the Meuse and on to the Scheldt.

(4) With regard to Baerle-Hertog: An arrangement which would put an end to the difficulties arising from the present Belgian and Dutch condominium.

M. Hymans based his arguments on the assumption that the extent of the revision could not be restricted arbitrarily and a priori, and proposed that the study of these questions should be referred to one or two commissions, on which the Great Powers, the Netherlands, and Belgium would be represented.

At the following sitting, which took place on June 3, I had the honor of expounding the standpoint of the Dutch Government with regard to these proposals, setting forth that, in view of the specific reservation at once made by me at the first sitting in respect of the integrity of Dutch territory and territorial waters, the Government could not accept the Belgian proposals that, whether for economic or for military purposes, aimed at a transfer of sovereign rights from Holland to Belgium; that the Government relied on the basis of the present conditions, and that obviously there could be no question of a revision of the Treaties of 1839 in the sense that the partition of Holland and Belgium which was accomplished in that year was to be reconsidered in accordance with fresh principles; that, however, with regard to matters affecting the shipping and economic interests of Belgium, the Government were disposed in principle towards a friendly enquiry and discussion, in which naturally attention would be directed on our part to the inconveniences to Dutch interests arising from the situation produced by the Treaties of 1839, particularly with regard to the canalization of the Meuse where it is joint property; and, finally, that in the opinion of the Government the military questions must be considered in connection with the League of Nations. The importance in general of mutual consultation, if only at the outset, between Belgium and Holland was emphatically insisted on by

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us, in view of the relations between the two countries and of the desirability of the arrangements ultimately to be arrived at being inspired by a feeling of mutual confidence. I particularly pointed out that it would be unreasonable not to agree to such consultation in respect of interests which since 1839 have been dealt with by Holland and Belgium alone and quite independently, as is shown by numerous covenants, especially affecting waterways. No agreements having been reached at the meeting on June 3, I had the honor of being informed next day by the French Minister for Foreign Affairs, in his own name and that of his colleagues, as representing the Great Powers, that the following decision had been reached: The Powers, recognizing the desirability of a revision of the Treaties of 1839, entrust to a commission comprising representatives of the United States of America, the British Empire, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, and Holland the task of studying the measures which must be followed on such revision and of formulating proposals, which must not involve a transfer of territorial sovereignty or the establishing of international servitudes. The Commission will invite Belgium and Holland to submit joint formulas (*formules communes*) with respect to the navigable waterways, being guided in this matter by the general principles adopted by the Peace Conference. The importance of this decision rests in this, that any modification of territorial sovereignty is excluded, while in the second part the way is shown that leads to joint consultation and common agreement for the two States principally concerned. . . .

A Hungarian Peace Offer

ON May 1, the Hungarian Government announced that it had transmitted a peace offer to the Rumanian Czecho-Slovak and Jugo-Slav Governments. We reproduce the text of this offer as it appeared in the *Allied Press Supplement* to the British *Review of the Foreign Press*.

To all the Labor Parties.

We have sent today the following Note to the Rumanian Czecho-Slovak, and Jugo-Slav Governments:

Mr. President: In the name of the Hungarian Revolutionary Government, I have the honor to inform you that we recognize without reservation all the national claims you have put forward. You justified these claims on the ground of putting an end to the old subjection of your people by the Magyar landed class. You considered you were acting in the interest, and in accordance with the will, of these populations. The former Government rejected your demands, invoking the so-called historic rights, which deduced from the old subjection a right to continue it. We broke with this principle from the first day of our accession to power, and repeatedly and solemnly declared that we were not taking our stand on the principle of territorial integrity. We are now informing you directly that we recognize all your national and territorial claims. We demand in return the immediate cessation of hostilities, non-interference in our internal affairs, just as we will avoid interfering with your internal affairs, free commercial transit, and the conclusion of economic conventions in accordance with the interests of both parties. You consequently obtain all you desired. You need no longer shed a single drop of blood, nor sacrifice the life of a single soldier, nor carry the fury of war into peaceful regions for the realization of your national aspirations. The same classes which enslaved your co-nationals enslaved at the same time the working classes of our people. When we granted your co-nationals national freedom, we achieved our deliverance from the social domination of those classes. We have achieved freedom, and do not desire to return under the yoke of these oppressors. Our internal institutions we consider as a matter to be dealt with by ourselves. If the assurances you have made were seriously meant, we believe that henceforward peace can reign between us. We therefore expect your reply.

(*Signed*) KUN, Commissary for Foreign Affairs.

Foreign Press

Allied Policy in Finland

THE following articles from *Folkets Dagblad Politiken* (Stockholm) of April 10, 12 and 25, are to be interpreted by (1) a dispatch bearing date of May 1, from Isaac Don Levine, published in *The Globe* of June 18, concerning a rumored Anglo-French plot to force General Mannerheim into war against Soviet Russia, as the price of Allied recognition; (2) the Allies' subsequent recognition of the Mannerheim Government; and (3) a Paris dispatch, published in *The Tribune* for July 9, stating that on the previous day the Council of Five had approved a plan of joint attack upon Petrograd by Mannerheim and Kolchak forces.

Strong influences have been at work for some time to drive Finland into a war with Soviet Russia. Even during the government of Svinhufvud, the present Regent, General Mannerheim, was intriguing with Entente agents with the purpose of becoming the ruler of Finland, while as a reward for the assistance of the Entente powers he hinted that Finnish troops should attack Soviet Russia and restore the monarchy there. During Mannerheim's visit to England and France this plan was further discussed, and certain Entente statesmen promised Mannerheim to support his ambitions as well as to provide Finland with grain and war material. Mannerheim also conferred with former Czarist generals, pledged Finland to eventual coöperation with these generals and their counter-revolutionary troops, to aid in reëstablishing a monarchy in Russia, and to furnish an asylum for the Russian generals who were to be allowed secretly to form a general staff in Helsingfors. As a reward for a victorious campaign in Russia and the defeat of the Bolsheviki in Karelia, Mannerheim demanded Murman as far as Archangel, and Finland's retention of the Aland Islands. Eventually Finland, which was to become a monarchy, preferably under a Russian-Danish royal family, should enter into a union with Russia, though retaining complete independence. The alternative was a Russian-Finland-Baltic union under an English-French protectorate. As an initial aid to the Entente —the United States, however, was not fully informed of these plans and may be regarded as being opposed to them in so far as known—Mannerheim was to organize and support Swedish and Finnish volunteers to Livonia and Esthonia. This was in fact done soon after New Year.

At the same time the Finnish general staff was working out a plan of campaign against northeastern Russia and Petrograd. This plan of campaign was discussed thoroughly in three meetings of the staff, and was at last determined upon, though not for immediate action. English tanks, French military commissions, and masses of war material have been sent from England and France to Finland, together with food for the campaign.

During Mannerheim's visit to Stockholm he had conferences with one of the leaders of the Russian reaction, General Trepoff. They failed to agree, however. They agreed that Sweden should never receive Aland and that they should stand together against Sweden, but Mannerheim's ravenous appetite—wanting not only Russian Karelia, but also the Murman-Archangel division—was too much for Trepoff. The American insistence on a more democratic régime in Finland was also inconvenient, and the Finnish attack on Russia, which at one time seemed imminent, was therefore postponed.

Soon after Mannerheim's visit to Stockholm, Trepoff went to Paris to take part in the consultation of Entente capitalism for the hemming in and subjugation of Soviet Russia. At the same time his secretary went by way of Rotterdam to Buenos Ayres with large sums of money to be used for a great propaganda in

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the United States against the Bolsheviki and against Wilson. It was thought that it would look less suspicious if the propaganda against Soviet Russia were led from South America than from Europe. Mannerheim was not ignorant of this plan or of Trepoff's mission in Paris, and although he had not given his consent to it, neither had he taken a stand against it. He was at least agreed that the Russian monarchy should be restored, and that Finland should seek connections in the east.

Since then strong influences from the reactionary circles in France and to some extent in England—but without the knowledge of the United States—have been at work conspiring for a combined Finnish-Baltic attack on Petrograd, with the support of Entente troops and French capital. The Russian monarchists have gone a little farther in meeting Mannerheim's demands and are holding out new inducements to him; promising that the industry of Finland shall be given special privileges in Russian markets, and thus take the place formerly held by Sweden; and that it shall also receive support from French capital. A short time ago the general staff, or at least some members of it, were again discussing the campaign against Russia.

Whether or not the Finnish government is to be provoked into a war with Russia will soon be revealed. Likewise we shall soon see whether the war is to take the form of an open invasion, or of an organization on a large scale of "volunteer" troops, which are to march from Esthonia and Finland upon Petrograd and Karelia—in other words, a masked war. Influences that may restrain Mannerheim are the fact that the United States does not favor the undertaking, the fear of a Red uprising if the campaign is not instantly successful, and the threatening advance of Bolshevism in southern and central Europe; although on the other hand the last-named circumstance would stimulate the Russian and French reactionaries to double their efforts to begin an attack on Petrograd without delay.

The following facts which are known here indicate that an expedition to Petrograd or Karelia is imminent.

A short time ago *Abo Underrättelser* mentioned Colonel Ekström, who has just returned from Esthonia, as the leader of a large, adventurous expedition, regarding the aim of which only the one word Petrograd was known.

Hufvudstadsbladet on April 5 revealed the fact that there was much talk in political circles regarding compensations, namely certain districts in the vicinity of the White Seat that might be incorporated against their will. Finland was called an important factor in great political plans for the near future. Great stretches of land were promised in reward. In later articles the danger of war has been further discussed.

In his speech at the opening of the Diet, General Mannerheim spoke of the "sister nations" which could not be left to fight alone for their existence and national aspirations. Finland's army, he said, now had the difficult but honorable task of being the first outpost of Western Europe, and it would surely fulfill all expectations. During the debate following an interpellation, Premier Ingman made an answer that was extremely obscure.

About three weeks ago Judenitj had a conversation with General Mannerheim lasting several hours, and after that he went to Viborg to make preparations. A telegram from Stockholm states that he had at his disposal 100,000,000 pounds sterling in London and 40,000,000 (tons?) food in France.

A week ago Mannerheim had a conversation lasting several hours with the British military attaché, which is also said to have had reference to the intervention.

Two weeks ago a French military commission of eight members arrived in Helsingfors to assist in the organization of the Finnish army. At the same time there arrived an American "food commission" also consisting of eight members, all military men, and headed by Major Heath. At about the same time another American commission arrived with the official object of "investigating the military and economic situation in the countries surrounding the Baltic." Some of the members of this commission remained in Libau; some have come to Helsingfors and are going on to Esthonia. Its official object is to keep up "intimate connections" with the food commission. Its chairman is Commander Gade, American military attaché in Copenhagen, who has personally been against intervention but privately in favor of investigations and conferences. . . .

Two weeks ago a conversation took place in the Swedish consulate between the consul and a French officer, in which the presence of arms stored in the technical school was mentioned, also the necessity for demobilizing unreliable elements in the troops on the border. Both true. All day Saturday arms and ammunition were transported to Suomalainen Realilysea Antinkatu. During the conversation the places Repola, Archangel, and Petrosavedsk were mentioned.

Officially Ekström was named as the leader of newly organized troops to be sent to Reval.

Particularly the Agrarians (*Maakansa*) and some leading Progressives (*Lavonius*) are eagerly urging the conquest of Petrograd.

It is clearly the intention to come to the aid of Allied troops in the Murman and Archangel districts by a Finnish demonstration. Such a proposal was, according to a Reuter dispatch, brought forward in the [London] *Times* of today. . . .

It is now evident that the invasion of Karelia has been carefully prepared. Three groups of Finnish volunteers have crossed into Russian territory from the border parishes of Salmi and Suojarvi. The most southerly group has taken Tuualas town and continued in the direction of the city of Olonetz, in the neighborhood of which they took the city of Alavoinen. The central group, which crossed the Russian border at Käsnäselka, has taken the large church town of Tulenajärvi. The most northerly group has crossed the border at Suojärvi church on the Finnish side. Both these groups are operating in an easterly direction along roads leading to the city of Petrosavodz. The most southerly group is operating in a southeasterly direction along the road which leads by way of Olonetz to Ladeinoje Pole. The Finnish volunteers are said to number at least 3,000 men, commanded by Finnish officers. The Soviet troops are said by Finns to number 5,000, including both Russian and Finnish Reds. They are retiring but putting up a stiff fight as they go.

A New View of Russian Leadership

THE CAMBRIDGE MAGAZINE gives the following quotation and summary under the caption "Can Lenin be Replaced?"

Action Française, June 20: Bainville rejoices over M. Pichon's announcement of the approaching fall of the Bolsheviks, but asks who will replace Lenin and Trotzky in the Kremlin.

"It is a question which cannot be forever put off on the pretext that the essential thing is to destroy the abject domination of the dictators of Moscow. Roughly speaking, it may be said that in contemporary Russia, the Bolshevik power is, after Czarism, the one which has lasted longest. Lenin has already been going for nineteen months. From March to November, 1917, the revolution used up half-a-dozen governments."

Bainville argues from this that Russia feels the need of a strong hand. If she cannot have a good tyrant she will put up with a bad one. The Allies forget this when they press for "a Russia not only democratic and liberal, but also federative."

"Two experiments at once: it is asking a great deal. We are afraid, moreover, that these experiments are being made under bad circumstances for us. Do we realize the state of mind of the 'Russian patriots' on whom we are counting here, and how they are embittered? In Paris there are Ukrainian, Esthonian, Lithuanian delegates. . . . Let us put ourselves in the place of the 'Russian patriots,' whom we ask, to begin with, in order to merit this title, to be anti-German. They are seeing their

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country dismembered. The federated idea represented by the Separatists whom we receive officially inspires them with distrust when it is not with contempt. Since they know now how far the frontiers of New Poland will extend on the East, their patriotic alarm is easily understood. So do not let it be imagined that all will be easy when Lenin and Trotzky are fallen. In the first place they will have to be made harmless, and replaced by a different kind of fellow than the Lvovs, Miliukovs, and Kerenskys. Then, it is thought, perhaps rather naïvely, that a debolshevised Russia will adopt that line of foreign policy which best suits our wishes. Let us remember that between Germany and Russia there is now a Poland which may become a capital link. Our policy in the East will not be simplified by the resurrection of Russia. We shall have to think of that before dreaming of a return to the delights of the Franco-Russian Alliance."

The Crime of Sarajevo

THE following letter appeared in *The Nation* (London) for June 21.

SIR: A paragraph of the highest significance appeared in *The Star*, of June 13, and has passed without comment.

"The Serajevo Murderers. A message from Prague to Amsterdam (says the *Central News*) announces that the bodies of Princip, Cabrinovic and Grabez, the Serajevo murderers, were exhumed on Tuesday with great solemnity, in the presence of thousands of the inhabitants. The remains of these Serbian officers are to be sent to their native country."

This report, which I believe has not been contradicted, comes from Prague, a Slav town which is in a position to be well informed. Up till now the Serbs have strenuously denied all connection with the murderers. It has been repeatedly stated that they were not Serbs and the report was widely spread, and believed by many, that they were agents of the Kaiser and had acted under German instruction. That German agents guilty of committing the deed which caused Europe to be swamped with blood and misery for four years should now be receiving public honors at the hands of the Serbs would be one of the most astonishing events of history. But we are told that the "remains of these Serbian officers are to be sent to their native country," which is presumably Serbia. Why, then, have we always officially been told that they were not Serbs? The Serb students in England, at any rate, have cheerfully recognized that Princip was a Serb and have freely circulated a postcard portrait of him inscribed "the celebrated Serbian revoluntionary." The lettering being in Serb, its meaning has doubtless escaped the vigilance of the authorities here. One of these same students also admitted to an Englishman working among them that the bomb-throwing was taught at Shabatz. Another, I am told, described Princip as "the brave Serbian student who dared kill the Archduke and start the war." I cannot forget that in 1913 at the time of the first Balkan war the cry of the Serb people was, "If we do not get all we want we will set Europe on fire."

Is it not time that a fresh investigation be made into the responsibility for the war? The *Star* paragraph indicates that the Serbs do not reckon these murderers as agents of the Kaiser. And the Powers that be, who have decided that the Kaiser is not to be tried for responsibility in starting the war, are also presumably aware that Princip and Cabrinovic were not acting on his behalf. On whose did they act? If we want peace that will last we must have the truth. The Serbs have, it appears, owned the murderers. Will they shoulder the responsibility of the war? Their inordinate claims in Hungary, Bulgaria, and Albania, their evident desire to fight Italy who helped to free them, all point to the growth of a new imperialism which will be fatal to the peace of the Near East. Were these demands part of a prearranged plan?—Yours, etc.,

M. E. DURHAM

Notes

A "National Unity Movement" has recently been launched in Great Britain by a group of conservatives who, viewing with alarm the spread of socialist and syndicalist doctrines, and the increasing activity of organized labor, are planning to conduct an extensive propaganda against radical teachings. Their work will be carried on by means of meetings, by the distribution of leaflets, by the use of the mails, and by co-operation with similar organizations. The movement, according to its prospectus, desires to secure as members persons who will "pledge themselves to combat any movement that threatens the social life of the state, to do everything in their power to clear the unions or societies of false teaching, and to endeavor to instil a spirit of justice and loyalty toward the industries they represent."

THE TIMES (London) for May 23 gave the text of a resolution passed by the International Parliamentary Commercial Conference at Brussels, calling for the internationalization of the Danube and the Rhine, and the establishment of an International Commission of Supervision, with a mandate from the League of Nations for maintaining complete liberty and maximum efficiency of the navigable channel from the North Sea to the Black Sea. Another resolution stated that the Conference was in favor of the organization of railways between the Baltic and Adriatic, and the Black Sea.

THE Government of Finland, after many months of delay, has answered the Swedish note regarding Aland, replying that it cannot favor a plébiscite. The chief argument is that Aland has not yet had an opportunity of testing herself and finding out under what conditions she can remain as a part of Finland. The Finnish Government promises the most liberal legislation for Aland, as well as for the other Swedish-speaking provinces, and will try to reach an agreement with Sweden with regard to the military conditions of the islands.

THE Czecho-Slovak National Assembly has passed a law dealing with the nationalization of land in the Republic. At the present time about one-third of the land is held in large private estates, which under the new law are to confiscated. Any private estate comprising more than 150 hectares (about 370 acres) of arable land, and 140 hectares of forest land, is to be taken over, with certain reservations, for national use. The state will supervise the colonization of the occupied lands, and will have the right to approve or reject all acts pertaining to any vested rights in them, such as alienation, leasing, etc. The administration of the law is entrusted to the State Land Office, a new department under the direct control of the joint ministries. A measure is now being enacted which specifies the amount of compensation to be paid for land confiscated by the state.

A DISPATCH from the Peking correspondent of *The Times* (London), states that the Chinese Government is in dire need of money. The budget for the year shows a deficit of $200,000,000 (Chinese), while the total revenue received usually amounts to about $100,000,000. It has been proposed that the Government raise the amount of the deficit by an internal loan to be secured by the land tax, but the success of such a measure is doubtful, as the Government's credit with its own people is very low. The *Times* correspondent ascribes the trouble to the militarist evil, which has grown to alarming proportions during the last two years. During that period the Chinese Government borrowed from Japanese sources $150,000,000 (U. S.), the greater part of which was used in the creation of a large army, which the Government now finds itself unable to pay.

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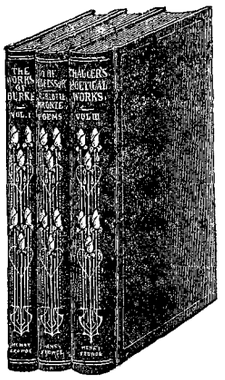

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